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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — May 24, 1969, 40 cents

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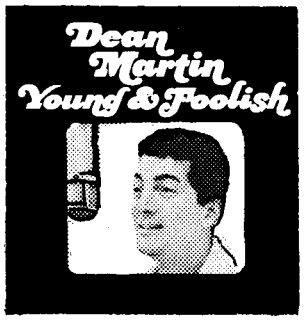

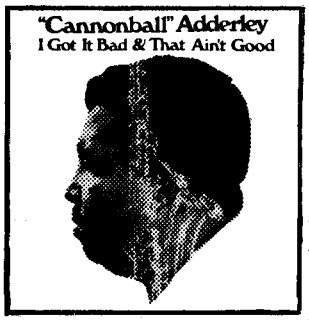

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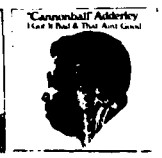

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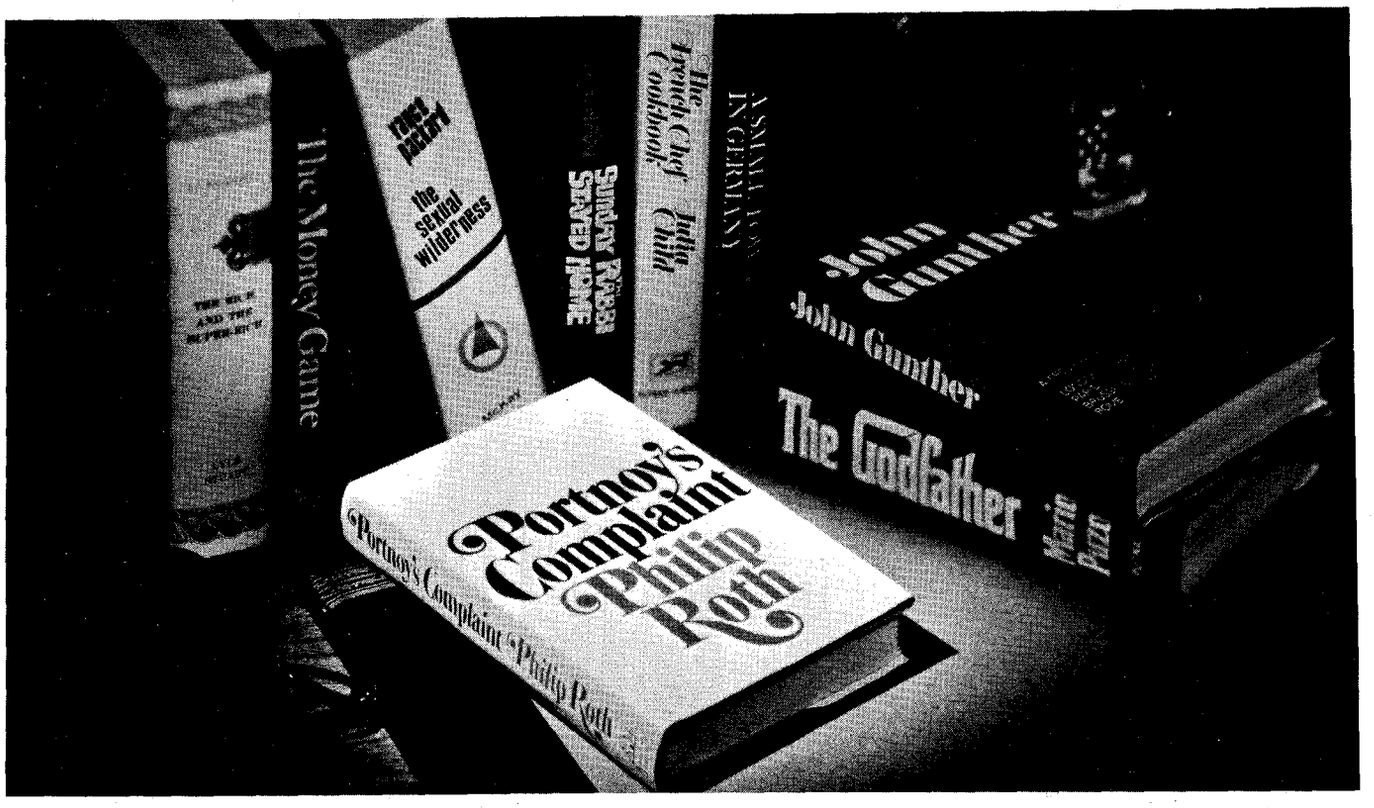

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TRB

from Main Street

Where You From?

Not long ago we went back to Main Street. Weddings and funerals take one back to one's origins. There was the familiar Street, the new Town Hall, the elms, the square where children parade on the Fourth (the old bandstand is gone), the aluminum works, the electronics factory, the fish wharf, the side streets where German farmers hitched buggies, then drove towering Model T's – now followed by meters and diagonal parking.

The parochial schools are still there but the big consolidated high school is the center of things, as a cathedral is to a town in France. They don't stint things here: an Olympic-size swimming pool (enclosed); teachers who get respectful greetings on streets; a basketball team doing nicely, thank you, in the state championships. More and more graduates go on to the university. You walk through the corridors by classrooms, workshops, offices, and draw in something about the country through your pores, something foreigners may never understand:

"Is all this free?" they ask. "*Land alive, stranger!* Of course it's free! Where you *from*?"

In this northern climate, turf goes deep into black soil. Lawns are tidy. Homes are painted. The Germans, English, Poles, Irish, Italians, French, Jews came here and live together. There are few Negroes. Anybody exhibiting strong racial, class or religious intolerance would cause mild surprise.

Washington seems far away. Problems look different here. Hunger? Well, there are some poor, but few destitute. Taxes? High, but so are wages. There is plenty of air and water (though they say the lake is getting polluted). The finicky complain about materialism, and there is a lot of that, no doubt about it. But there is also opportunity. You remember old Mrs. Pertschuk who scrubbed floors? – her three all went to college. And the man who tended yards? One son runs the bakery, the other a garage.

Affection flows out at an occasion like this. Barriers are down. People briefly see life as a continuity, not as a series of separate years. We are all bound together; no need to ask for whom the bell tolls.

And back on Main Street again the place seems less altered than we had first thought. Changes, of course, but not necessarily for the worse; family life hasn't collapsed; youth and age manage to tolerate each other; sex is as entertainingly combustible as ever; people chat on piazzas after supper, behind the vines.

Maybe the big cities should think more about towns like this though there's nothing specially to boast about, perhaps. This particular Main Street doesn't have the racial burden of its Southern counterparts. Yet even here one can take some thought. Study the Negroes' status in America today and 90 years ago (the span that will be cut on the new headstone). The change is startling; infuriatingly slow, maybe, but a social revolution just the same. Few critics abroad understand the American torment, or the progress made in dealing with it. Of the three super-powers, the US has the toughest racial problem, and is doing most about it.

Well, that's the old town. So we fly back to Washington and pick up all the old issues again – ABM, inflation, Vietnam, and politicians who never seem quite adequate for their job. But over the hill is Main Street. They have leisure enough there to know each other, and time enough to call friendly greetings. Given half a chance people tend to be kind and decent. We just thought we'd mention it.

Brother McClellan

"I see you today, Mr. McClellan, as a Beautiful Brother, not simply for what you are but also for what you are becoming and might yet be."

Sen. McClellan (D., Ark.), at the current hearing on riots, smiled gamely as Dr. Nathan Wright, Jr., authority on African-American Affairs, clad in a blue West African robe with faint tinkling bells, addressed him from the witness chair.

It is confrontations which make a Congressional hearing. The nation is worked up over riots and so the McClellan "permanent subcommittee on investigations" is worked up, too. Television people have got more klieg lights into this hearing room than we can remember before and the heat acts on spectators like infrared lights in a modern oven.

Dr. Wright was out to present the blacks' case, and Sen. McClellan was out to show how impartial he was, before getting down to the gut issue and trying to prove there is conspiracy, or maybe subversion, in the Students for A Democratic Society. Dr. Wright quoted Plato and Aristotle and Alexis de Tocqueville and tinkled his robe; his role was to register bland cultural superiority to Sen. McClellan; Messrs. McClellan and Mundt's role was to register shock and horror at campus and ghetto excesses. The television took it all down, along with Acting President Hayakawa of San Francisco State College, and it made a fine show though hardly spectacular. The highmark of the opening was Sen. Mundt's warning that if violence continues the nation will be "inundated in flames" – a condition worth thinking about.

A passionately earnest confrontation, on the other hand, took place before the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee considering ABM deployment, on the same day that President Nixon made his Vietnam speech. Side by side sat two peers of science – Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner of MIT, against deployment, and Edward Teller, one of the creatures of The Bomb, for deployment.

Wiesner, a deeply lined, mobile face, shakes his head at Teller's argument and thrusts out his lower lip in disbelief; Teller, an opponent of the original Test Ban Treaty and consumed with distrust of Communism, blinks his canopy of untrimmed eyebrows and apologizes for "my Hungarian accent." "We won't know till we deploy," he says.

No play-acting here; this is for keeps. The great propaganda machines have gone to work; the White House is using every muscle; the Senate is so evenly divided it could hang on a single vote.

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Nixon's Inch

While fighting continues to rage, President Nixon inches toward real negotiations with the Vietcong and their North Vietnamese allies at a pace that could make Vietnam a Hundred Years War. Yet Mr. Nixon must know that he has only a year at most until an impatient and disillusioned public turns on him, as it did on Lyndon Johnson. For that reason, the President's May 14 televised speech needs careful study for any clues it may contain to how the President hopes to spring the trap. Mr. Nixon proposed that "over a period of 12 months, by agreed-upon stages, the major portions of all US, Allied and other non-South Vietnamese forces would be withdrawn."

The Hanoi government cannot buy this 12-month mutual withdrawal plan without seeming to abandon the South to the Thieu regime. But the Administration at least agrees with the Vietcong or National Liberation Front on two points: international supervision of military withdrawal from South Vietnam, and a return to the Geneva Accords of 1954. The White House says the President was not responding to the NLF's 10-point proposals put forward the previous week, he was outlining points he himself had thought up some weeks ago; yet he was willing "to talk about anybody's program – Hanoi's four points, the NLF's 10 points." A pity he didn't. He said he disagrees with "several" of the NLF points. We were not told which. He seems to have given up his former attachment to the Kissinger "two-track" method of negotiation, whereby this country would talk to Hanoi about military withdrawal, while Saigon and the NLF would talk politics. Mr. Nixon said the US is now willing to talk politics too, and this is vital. The roadblock here is the Saigon regime. It has no intention of giving way to a new, broader political grouping that would include the NLF. The US could compel Thieu and Ky to make way, by talking more about American withdrawal and less about further beefing up of Saigon. Why doesn't it? Because the Administration still kids itself that the NLF can be got to agree to take its chances in elections where the Saigon regime, propped up by American arms, continues to control the ballot. This is chimera. In Saigon today, not just Vietcong suspects, but the leaders of many or even most non-Communist political groups are in jail, simply for advocating what President Nixon himself now advocates, a political compromise that will end the war. In those circumstances, to repeat, as

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Mr. Nixon did, that "the political settlement is an internal matter which ought to be decided among the South Vietnamese themselves" is futile. What the US must do is use its clout to make the Saigon government free political prisoners, bring home political exiles, and give place to a broad-based coalition.

The 10-point proposals put forward by the National Liberation Front May 8, and which Hanoi endorses, are not above criticism, but they offer this country a way out. At times they lean over backward to appeal to American susceptibilities. They are decked out with too copious references to "democracy" and "free elections," a bit unrealistic considering the state of affairs in North Vietnam – and South Vietnam too. The 10 points could "help restore peace in Vietnam," as the NLF claims, but it's silly pretending they will usher in the millenium. In essence, what they suggest is that all parties now attempt to get back to the principles of the 1954 Geneva agreements on Vietnam. If that were done, it would not only end the war but open the way to an overall settlement for Southeast Asia. That is more than the NLF and Hanoi have been willing to discuss for years. It strongly suggests that the May 8 proposals were worked out in conjunction with Moscow, for the Russians are anxious to see Southeast Asia neutralized and at peace, and are as keen to extricate themselves from the Vietnam bog as is the United States.

The NLF calls on the United States to withdraw all its forces from South Vietnam, "without posing any condition whatever." This withdrawal is to take place under "international supervision," to be arranged for by a provisional coalition government of South Vietnam in the period between a cease-fire and the holding of general elections. Point 4 then declares that "the people of South Vietnam shall themselves settle their own affairs, without foreign interference." However, the 1954 Geneva agreements provided that elections (in both North and South Vietnam) should be held under international supervision. "To ensure that sufficient progress in the restoration of peace has been made," said the Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference, "and that all the necessary conditions obtain for free expression of the national will, general elections shall be held in July, 1956, under the supervision of an International Commission. . . ." That did not happen, partly because of American objections to the Geneva arrangement; and from that failure stems much of Vietnam's present plight and this country's share in it. Now the NLF makes much of the 1954 Geneva agreements and calls for their reconstitution. It is reasonable, therefore, for Mr. Nixon to propose international supervision of Vietnam elections as well as of military withdrawal. The 10 points declare that pending "free and democratic general elections, neither party shall impose its political regime on the people of South Vietnam," and that there shall be no "acts of terror, reprisal and discrimination against people having collaborated with either side" – all this, the NLF says, "as provided for in the 1954 Geneva agreements." There can then be no objection, by the NLF or Hanoi, to the kind of international supervision that the Geneva agreements specified.

The 10 points envisage a vast sea-change in South Vietnam; from brutal warfare and political terror waged by both sides, to "broad democratic freedoms – freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of belief, freedom to form political parties and organizations, freedom to demonstrate, etc." No such transition can occur smoothly, or at all, without United Nations or other international supervision. There may be a cease-fire, and there will be a withdrawal of American forces if Mr. Nixon orders it. But even if the North Vietnamese forces also withdrew, there would then still be about a million South Vietnamese soldiers, and some 100,000 Vietcong. They are not likely to give up their arms, even if they have agreed in principle to quit killing one another. Their armed presence is bound to be felt at village and provincial level, especially during elections. And at the political top, within the "broad union of all social strata" that the 10 points talk about, the Communists will certainly do their utmost to ensure that they themselves and not those they call "the national bourgeoisie" secure the leadership. Only international supervision as provided for in the 1954 Geneva agreements could ensure a degree of fair play. The provisional coalition government ("based," says the NLF's Point 5, "on the principle of equality, democracy and mutual respect") ought to be sufficiently representative of the many non-Communist elements in South Vietnam to guarantee that the all-important post of Minister of the Interior goes to a political moderate, not to a Communist or to a type like Saigon's police chief, General Loan.

There are bound to be difficulties. Nevertheless, the NLF proposals offer a basis for a political settlement. Point 6 envisages a neutral South Vietnam pledged to "good neighborly relations" with Cambodia and Laos, and accepting "economic and technical aid with no political conditions attached, from any country" including the United States. Point 7 talks of North and South Vietnam reestablishing "normal relations in all fields on the basis of mutual respect," including agreeing on the status of the demilitarized zone, pending "reunification of Vietnam step by step by peaceful means, through discussions." Point 8 again harks back to the 1954 Geneva agreements and declares that "North and South Vietnam shall undertake to refrain from joining any military alliance with foreign countries." A Southeast Asia settlement, capable of being endorsed by China as well as this country and Russia, is within Mr. Nixon's grasp. His televised speech showed insufficient awareness of the opportunity.

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Fortas Resignation

There were three courses open to Abe Fortas: explain, resign, or resign and explain. He took the third. At 8:45 the morning of May 15, he telephoned the Court to say he had sent the Chief Justice a letter of resignation, and that they could "call the boys [the press] in and let 'em know." The text was made public within hours. In his letter, Mr. Fortas makes clear his concern that "the Court may not continue to be subjected to extraneous stress that may adversely affect the performance of its important functions." But the letter is a defense brief as well. It confirms that while on the Court, Justice Fortas entered into an agreement with the Wolfson Family Foundation, under which he would "perform continuing services," for which he "would receive $20,000 per year for my life with arrangements for payments to Mrs. Fortas in the event of my death." Six months later, having learned that the "SEC had referred Mr. Wolfson's file to the Department of Justice for consideration as to criminal prosecution," Justice Fortas decided to terminate the agreement. Six months later, he returned the $20,000 he had been paid 11 months before. But, Mr. Fortas said, he had "not interceded or taken part in any legal, administrative or judicial matter affecting Mr. Wolfson or anyone associated with him." There had been "no wrongdoing on my part." If "wrongdoing" is not an apt description, what is? Indiscretion or naivete of incredible magnitude?

There is personal tragedy here: a gifted man and an able judge lost to the public service. There is also a certain institutional sadness, but not tragedy. For not once in the 179 years of the Court's existence before the Fortas case, has so serious an allegation going to the personal ethics of a Justice of the Supreme Court been made, let alone made out. Mr. Fortas did remove himself fairly promptly, however; the allegations concerned his personal, extrajudicial conduct. What has come to light in no sense impugns the integrity of the processes of the Court itself, and one may expect that the nation's confidence in the integrity of those processes will remain unimpaired.

One consequence of the Fortas affair is that President Nixon now has two seats to fill. Mr. Fortas's as well as Chief Justice Warren's. Sooner than was expected, the President is in a position to affect the policy of the Court. He has indicated that he would wish to appoint judges less bold than the present majority in using judicial power to bring about social and political reform. Judges of such a cast of mind need not be reactionaries or men in radical disagreement with the policies of the present Court. It remains to be seen whether the President is able to follow his own taste in judges, and yet make appointments that can command broad professional and public approval.

Another consequence of the Fortas affair is that it has focused Congressional attention on the general problems of judicial ethics. The Supreme Court may have momentarily fallen from grace, but one incident in 179 years hardly entitles Congress to write a code of ethics for the Justices – assuming that Congress has the constitutional power to do so. The enactment of such a code would in itself constitute evidence of impaired confidence. Yet there are several hundred lower federal judges, who have lifetime tenure and who are not, either at the time of their appointment or in the course of their service, as steadily in the public eye as are the Justices of the Supreme Court. Some institution composed of judges, authorized to formulate guidelines of judicial ethics for lower court judges, and to review questions of judicial ethics raised by a judge who finds himself in a quandary, or by outsiders – some such institution might serve a useful purpose.

Say It Isn't So

The Administration has decided what to do about the yen of black students in "white" universities and colleges to segregate themselves. The decision is to let them do it, provided they and the institutional authorities concerned don't embarrass the federal government by announcing that they are doing it "because of race."

This is the essence of the ruling announced the other day in the key case of Antioch College and its all-black Afro-American Studies Institute. Two investigators from HEW's Office for Civil Rights found that no white students had applied for black studies; the director of the Institute had said that the courses were "relevant" only for blacks, and prospective black freshmen had been told that they would be housed with other Institute enrollees if they wished. HEW required Antioch's President James Dixon to promise that all explicit indications that the black courses are for blacks only will be avoided in the future. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 forbids federal assistance in any form to schools that impose or permit deliberate segregation by race.

HEW is sending investigators to other campuses, Cornell and Duke for starters. Its young and dedicated director of civil rights enforcement, Leon Panetta, understands very well that the decision that Antioch has not been in outright violation of the law is merely the first of many difficult attempts to resolve the rising conflicts on campus between black togetherness and the national goal of desegregation. While he and HEW Secretary Robert Finch were wrestling with the Antioch case, a group of black students from Har-

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vard visited Panetta. How far could they go, they asked, in developing a black community within the university community without imperilling federal aid to them and to the college? Whatever they did, Panetta answered, "just be sure you don't do it because of race." They posed a fundamental question: "Is the Civil Rights Act of 1964 outdated?" All he could say to them was that he has to enforce the law as it is until and unless Congress changes it.

College Boards

Scores on the College Board tests put out by the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, New Jersey, are among the principal criteria colleges use in admitting students. Admissions offices look also at grades, at outside activities, at recommendations, and deficiencies in any area may eliminate an applicant from consideration by the better universities and colleges. But Board tests weigh heavily, despite evidence that many bright students do not test well under stress, or suffer from what has been called "number anxiety" – paralyzing fear of math questions that must be answered rapidly under pressure. Some students (rural blacks, for example) do not have the verbal facility or the urban values so helpful on standardized tests.

The current College Board achievement test in English is being faulted on another count by Serge Lang, the Columbia University mathematician. In the sample test distributed to students taking the Boards this year, there are three essays, which, according to the Educational Testing Service, "have been judged by experienced teachers to represent three different levels of competence. One is average; one, considerably better than average; and one, below average." Students are asked to read the passages and come up with identical judgments. The essays deal with conformity and conservatism among the young.

The first essay argues that nonconformity is a supposed value among the young, but that by emulating their peers young people really are conformists; they "follow the herd." When they are older and more experienced, their values will change and they will be more independent. The second essay, titled "The Conscience of a Conservative," argues that teenagers are more conservative than others and more resistant to change than persons they deride. They don't like new foods, join groups, and generally are more other-directed. Security is for them a prepotent value which does not allow for unconservative responses. With maturity teenagers may become "a bit more adventurous." The third essay looks at school days as fun days, the best time of life, a time to go to parties and ball games, but not a time to do wrong, or to "make a mess" of one's life.

The essays might be rated variously – by their syntax and grammar, organization, "originality," or Lang believes, subjectively, according to the values espoused. Essay three, endorsing as it does frivolity verging on hedonism, is considered below average. The second essay scores an A and the first is average. The best essay is the one that suggests with clichéd irony that nonconformist youths are unwitting conformists who will, with age, come off it. The next-best essay makes similar points but perhaps less felicitously.

Since all judgments are subjective Lang thinks the smart kid is the one who rates the essays by empathizing with the presumed, stereotyped values of the teacher. Lang's key fits the lock. In a letter to the College Entrance Examination Board, Lang says, "The situation is very serious when admission to the best schools and colleges, and the kids' future, are determined by the criteria . . . favoring those students who are best able to guess the psychology of their teachers and from it deduce the desired answers. . . . The test makers, like everyone else, are entitled to their linguistic and political predilections. But for them to have the power to enforce these predilections as universal admissions criteria is noxious to the health of our students and our schools."

Electronic Revolution

The government's view is that "a simple straightforward desire to kill or humiliate Americans" led North Korea to seize the *Pueblo* and shoot down the EC-121. "I do not believe, "a State Department legal adviser told the American Society of International Law, "that we see an example of a state, unable to respond in kind to electronic surveillance, striking out in fear of the damage such operations cause to its security."

That may be exactly what we do see. William E. Butler, research associate at Harvard Law School, told the Society: "Electronics intelligence constitutes a revolutionary departure over previous technology . . . [A *Pueblo* or EC-121] not only carries away visual impressions of the external appearance of a country along the coast; it pierces the very interstices of the defense establishment by monitoring inland communications, by identifying – perhaps jamming – inland radar installations, and by performing a variety of other tasks. . . . It is hardly unexpected for small coastal countries to question the appropriateness of granting absolute immunity to electronics intelligence vessels or to seek other means for redressing their

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comparative technological disadvantage. . . . Technological superiority allows major powers to gather intelligence while claiming immunity from coastal [state] response by invoking principles of maritime law predating the electronics revolution."

In 1962 the US invoked the principle of self-defense to establish a naval quarantine around Cuba, although the accepted rationales of self-defense – armed attack or immediate threat of it – did not obtain. The threat North Korea perceived to its defense establishment, Butler suggested, may have been as imminent as the Cuban missile threat was to us: "North Korea was confronted by vessels which penetrated the heart of its defense network and which were operated by its primary adversary in the Korean conflict. To conclude the *Pueblo* posed no threat begs the question. Its threat was acquisition of data that could render the coastal state defense establishment vulnerable."

The post-EC-121 decision to provide armed escort for further spying missions off North Korea suggests that, in fact if not in word, the US recognizes the limitations of its prior position. Navy Secretary John H. Chafee, in choosing not to prosecute the *Pueblo* officers, acknowledged "the sudden collapse of a premise which had been assumed at every level of responsibility and upon which every other aspect of the mission had been based – freedom of the high seas." He did not acknowledge the American contribution, in the form of its practice of electronic bullying, to the collapse of that premise.

ABM Action Report (II)

The number of Senators for, against and uncommitted on "Safeguard" remained about the same (46, 43, 11) the past month. Sen. John McIntyre (D., N.H.) recently placed himself in the undecided column; Sen. Robert Packwood (R., Ore.) is now for the nearly $8 billion Nixon proposal. A Senate vote is expected within two weeks. Each side predicts victory, but there is little on which to base that confidence. The White House has declined to pressure anyone hard. That will change over the next two weeks if the President wants Safeguard as much as his spokesmen claim. Some sort of compromise has not been ruled out – for example, a pledge not to test multiple-independently targeted-reentry vehicles (MIRV) in exchange for Safeguard. Anti-ABM forces must convince 51 Senators that the country does not need Safeguard, that it now has adequate power to deter or to respond devastatingly to any attack.

Besides those mentioned in our earlier Action Report (April 26), the following groups are opposing the Safeguard proposal:

National Citizens' Lobby
2035 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10035
212—831-6561

National Religious Committee Opposing ABM
18 E. 48th St., Suite 1104
New York, N.Y. 10017
212—838-4700

Americans for Democratic Action
1424 16th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
202—265-5771

Federal Employees for a Democratic Society
FEDS
P.O. Box 9075
Washington, D.C. 20003

Peace Committee of Philadelphia
1520 Race St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Chicagoans Against the ABM
410 South Michigan Ave., Rm. 828
Chicago, Ill. 60605
312—427-0290

Ad Hoc Committee of New Yorkers Against ABM
342 Madison Ave., Rm. 711
New York, N.Y. 10017

Maryland Citizens' Coalition to Stop ABM
Hon. Maclyn McCarty, Jr.
2826 Maryland Ave.
Baltimore, Md. 21218

The New Mexico Democratic Council
Burt Lindsay
2910 Utah St.
Albuquerque, N.M.

New England Committee for Nonviolent Action
RFD 1, Box 197B
Voluntown, Conn. 06384

Oakland County SCRAM
16231 Buckingham
Birmingham, Michigan

Marin Citizens Against the ABM
121 Woodland Rd.
Kentfield, California

Idaho Committee to End the ABM
Box 4182
Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Delaware Opposition to the ABM
210 South Road
Wilmington, Delaware

Connecticut Coalition on National Priorities
Box 306
Canaan, Connecticut

Northern Virginia Coalition Against the ABM
2107 South Arlington Ridge Rd.
Arlington, Va. 22202

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L.A.'s about to Say "So Long, Sam"

Los Angeles

Los Angeles has always made a point of being out of step with the rest of us, and this year is no exception. In liberal New York, Mayor John Lindsay is being threatened with political extinction because he wears the stigma of "nigger lover," but conservative Los Angeles is preparing to turn out Mayor Sam Yorty after eight bizarre years and replace him with, of all things, a black councilman, Thomas Bradley.

To no one's surprise, Yorty is not going quietly. As the May 27 election draws near, he is filling the hazy air with cries of "Communist" and predictions of terrible things to come if Los Angeles chooses a black mayor. The campaign has become, he says, "an experimental area for a taking over of a city by a combination of bloc voting, black power, left-wing radicals and, if you please, identified Communists." If the audience snickers, Yorty adds: "Some of you who think there's no such thing as the Communist Party had better wake up . . . Don't you believe that J. Edgar Hoover knows anything?"

The mayor seems even more preoccupied with black militants than with Communists. He contrasts what he calls the "smooth operation" of city government in Los Angeles with that in Cleveland and Gary, where black mayors were elected two years ago. And if evidence of militancy in the Bradley campaign is scant, Yorty explains that the Black Panthers "are being kept under wraps right now until this election is over . . . They don't want to jeopardize Mr. Bradley's chances." But "you can imagine" what would happen if militants came to Los Angeles City Hall, as they did in Gary, and found a black man in the Mayor's chair. In case you can't imagine, Yorty suggests "a chaotic and very difficult situation."

There are other themes in the Yorty litany. Bradley means higher welfare costs and lower police morale. And, horrors, he is being supported by "outside money" and "outside people"—meaning such people as Hubert Humphrey, Edward Kennedy, and the Republican Senator from New York, Charles Goodell, who have endorsed Bradley. At one point, the mayor even found traces of an Eastern accent in the voice of the announcer on Bradley television commercials. And if the spectre of Eastern outsiders doesn't turn you away from Bradley, Yorty finds the whole thing is really "a left-wing effort to put together a racial coalition with the left-wingers to take over your city" – an assessment of the situation that ignores the support for Bradley from such strangers to radicalism as Leonard K. Firestone.

But the core of Yorty's case remains the threat that the election of Bradley will "make Los Angeles a black city." In a city that only five years ago voted overwhelmingly against a mild state fair housing law and that only four years ago experienced the flames of Watts, this would seem to be potent political medicine. But it isn't working.

Bradley won the April 1 primary, polling 42 percent of the vote to 26 percent for Yorty in a field of 14. Today both public and private polls show Bradley with a lead of 15 percentage points or better. And more important, there have been clear indications of a breakdown in the base of Yorty's support. In the primary for example, Bradley carried three councilmanic districts to Yorty's two in the San Fernando Valley, considered prime "Yorty country." Even in those areas where the threat of black invasion might seem most frightening, Yorty often did no better than break even.

Now, going into the final days, there is a smell of defeat about the Yorty campaign. He grows more strident, railing at *The Los Angeles Times* (which has endorsed Bradley) and testily rejecting questions from young people in favor of those "from adults who can vote." The atmosphere in his headquarters reminds you of a Republican clubhouse in the Bronx, where great expectations are rare and fragile. He is being forced to defend himself against charges of absenteeism and corruption in his administration at a time when he clearly has worn out his welcome. The great middle class is just fed up with Sam. They are settling on Bradley not because he is black but because he is an alternative and they want one, whatever the color.

Surely, for all the support he has attracted from the glamour centers of American politics, Bradley is not himself a charismatic candidate. Watching him, you can see how he was "the first Negro" to be elected to the student government in his high school and how he worked his way up in 21 years in the police department and how he has been an earnest and effective councilman for the last six years. He has the articulateness of the lawyer and, occasionally, the dry humor of the man who has been around, but he has none of the dash of a Lindsay – or a Carl Stokes. Bradley himself sees his election as an opportunity to help bring a genuine reconciliation in Los Angeles. "Even a dozen years ago," he says, "I could not have dreamed of running for the City Council, let alone for Mayor." Now, he tells his affluent white audiences, the young and the black see in his candidacy an opportunity to say "this system can work."

All signs indicate that Bradley soon will be mayor.

Jack W. Germond

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Plaquemines without The Great White Father

New Orleans

The death last month of Leander H. Perez, Sr. – for nearly half a century the rarely-disputed ruler of the oil sheikdom of Plaquemines Parish, La. – attracted little attention in the national press. And indeed, at 77, Perez seemed a curious anachronism in the America, even the South, of 1969. A throwback to Mississippi's Senator Bilbo on the one hand and Memphis' Boss Crump on the other, his crude and often demonological racism ("There's only two kinds of Nigras: bad ones are niggers and good ones are darkies") could be an embarrassment even to his friends in an era of more sophisticated discrimination. But in fact Perez remained a shrewd manipulator and a considerable power in Louisiana's topsy-turvy politics until the day he died; and his funeral – a Catholic funeral with requiem mass, despite his well-publicized excommunication in the early 1960's – attracted two governors (of Louisiana and Mississippi), two US Senators (Eastland and Ellender), and former Gov. George C. Wallace (who echoed Perez's 15-term Congressman and staunch friend, Rep. F. Edward Hebert, in hailing the deceased as "the noblest Roman of them all").

But even if the rest of the nation had ignored him completely, the good people of Plaquemines Parish (i.e., county) – a thousand square miles of farms and marshland lining the Mississippi River from New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico and populated mainly by oil, sulfur, muskrats, and political know-nothingism – were determined to honor "the Judge" (the title Perez used almost as a first name, although he actually left the bench in 1924). The five-man Plaquemines Parish Commission Council, whose president happens to be Chalin O. Perez, son of Leander, unanimously decreed (everything in Plaquemines is passed unanimously) that in honor of "the dear departed Father of Plaquemines Parish, . . . brilliant statesman, noble leader, and truly Great American, Judge L. H. Perez," and because of his "love, devotion, and untiring efforts," particularly his "herculean" labors in rebuilding the parish after the ravages of Hurricane Betsy in 1965, all flags in the parish should fly at half-staff for two weeks, and "the birthdate of Plaquemines' Great Father," July 16, would be an official parish holiday every succeeding year. In charge of enforcing the holiday will be, presumably, Leander H. (Lea) Perez, Jr., brother of Chalin and district attorney of Plaquemines.

Meanwhile, five young Negoes, ranging in age from 19 to 24, who had entered a parish bar the night of Perez's death and rashly announced their intention to celebrate, were promptly arrested on charges of drunkenness and "disturbing the peace." The five were given stiff jail sentences, without the option of paying the fine provided in state law.

Since the elder Perez's death, Chalin, Leander Jr., and their fellow public officials have given every indication that even though Plaquemines' Great Father is gone, his politics linger on. First, the Commission Council seized an early opportunity to prove that its zealous devotion to "Americanism" has not waned. The chance came when several black students at Southern University in New Orleans, a black state school whose faculty and facilities are both appallingly inadequate, lowered the campus American flag (in careful military fashion) to protest conditions at SUNO, and raised a multi-colored "black banner of liberation" in its place. The Plaquemines Council hurried to denounce the action as a "disgraceful display of treason and flag desecration." The Council did not, however, explain why the black students' temporary flag replacement was more treasonable than the permanent replacement of the Stars and Stripes by the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy in the hearts, and often the public displays, of "loyal" Plaqueminians. In fact, the Louisiana flag-desecration statute under which 27 SUNO students were arrested defines "flag" to mean the flags of the United States, the State of Louisiana, *and* the Confederate States of America.

Shortly after this demonstration of their loyalty to America and its ideals, the people of Plaquemines went to the polls in a local election and produced a 93.3 percent victory for the approved candidate. This is the same sort of margin which Perez-backed candidates (local, state, or Presidential) have always enjoyed in the parish's "democratic" elections, even after federal registrars arrived in 1965 to enroll some of the 97 percent of parish Negroes (*vs.* 12 percent of whites) not registered to vote. One factor helping to unify public opinion may have been that the Plaquemines Gazette, the weekly "newspaper" which serves as the official journal for all parish governmental bodies and as unofficial Perez mouthpiece, somehow neglected to mention the losing candidate's name in its pages until the story of his defeat appeared. Strangely, space was found weekly for front-page headlines announcing each parish official's endorsement of his opponent, and sample ballots on which only one name appeared.

Most recently, DA "Lea" Perez, Jr. provided graphic evidence that he fully shares the peculiar attitude toward judicial processes always held by "the Judge." On April 30 Perez Jr. and a group of Plaquemines deputies entered the federal court building in New Orleans' French Quarter and tried to arrest two men – Lawrence J. Rousselle, one of the Perezes' few remaining foes in their parish, and his New Orleans at-

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torney, Benjamin E. Smith. Rousselle had been supposed to go on trial that day in a local Plaquemines court on a highly dubious charge of aggravated assault but had failed to appear. Instead, he and lawyer Smith were in New Orleans trying to have the case transferred to a federal court. They claim that Rousselle cannot expect a fair trial in Plaquemines, and the claim seems well-founded: two years ago Rousselle was charged with plotting to assassinate Perez Sr. That charge was brought shortly after Rousselle had appeared at Perez's estate (and parish Democratic headquarters) with a friend who was qualifying to run against Chalin Perez for Council president. Once Rousselle had been held in jail for two weeks on a $75,000 bond, and once Chalin had won his election, no more was heard of the "assassination plot."

In the April 30 incident, Perez Jr. and his aides attempted to arrest Rousselle and Smith for contempt of the Plaquemines court and to cart them off to that parish, despite the attorney's claim that the Plaquemines officers had no jurisdiction in Orleans Parish, much less over an officer of a federal court. With his family looking on, Rousselle submitted, but Smith managed to fight off the deputies while banging on the door of the federal courtroom he had just left. When the judge appeared and discovered what was going on, he ordered Perez Jr. and his men to leave and issued orders forbidding further interference with Smith or his client while the removal proceedings were in litigation. The judge also reportedly gave "Lea" Perez a severe tongue-lashing.

Smith – a veteran civil rights lawyer whose home was once invaded by New Orleans police and the "Louisiana Joint Legislative Un-American Activities Committee," apparently in order to obtain some records desired by Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee but unobtainable through more regular channels – may go further. He says he will bring charges against Perez Jr. before the local or state bar associations (the same groups which recently declared themselves unable to do anything about a sometime Perez ally, New Orleans DA Jim Garrison, after the Clay Shaw trial debacle), the civil rights division of the Justice Department, and/or the FBI. And the local NAACP chapter may protest to the Justice Department and the FBI about the convictions of the five young Plaquemines Negroes mentioned above. It will, however, surprise few people in New Orleans if nothing much happens as a result of either complaint; the federal government's record of trying to bring justice to Plaquemines Parish has always been spotty.

Ironically, however, the Rousselle-Smith episode may be symbolic, in a way, of one real change in Plaquemines Parish likely to result from the death of its "Great Father." In the old days, the parish was the center of a vast web of segregationist activities spreading throughout the South. Just over a year ago, for example, the elder Perez (aided, to be sure, by his sons and followers) was busily engaged on a plan to drive all out-of-state lawyers from Louisiana, thereby crippling civil-rights legal work in the state (*NR*, Feb. 24, 1968). The test case, involving attorney Richard Sobol of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee, was ultimately dismissed by a federal court because its purpose was so patently harassment, but "the Judge" could at least boast of another *attempt* to turn back the "federal Gestapo" and the Zionist-Communist race mixers. Although reserving plenty of time for local quarrels and grudges (such as Rousselle himself), old Leander was always eager to move on to wider, and more dramatic, horizons – helping save Huey Long from impeachment in 1929, fighting a variety of later Longs, helping to set up the Dixiecrat party in 1948 and to sell Senator Harry Byrd on "massive resistance" in 1955.

On present evidence, neither Chalin nor Leander Jr. appears to have the same missionary zeal, nor the same legal and political acumen, as their father. And it seems unlikely (although one can never tell) that after "Lea" Perez's death the Plaquemines Commission Council will proclaim, as it did of his father, that he is "sadly missed" by "legions throughout our Country" as well as "all the people of Plaquemines."

Nevertheless, any diminution of that old-time fervor does not mean that new-fangled ideas like "equal justice" or "fair elections" or "democracy" ("I hate that word," Leander Sr. once said) are going to appear soon in Plaquemines. It is entirely possible that upon Chalin and Lea's deaths, a third generation of Perezes will be ready to assume control of a parish that remains today just as political scientist V. O. Key described it 20 years ago in his classic study of Southern politics – an "autonomous principality."

Earl Long is said to have once jibed at Leander Sr., "Whatcha gonna do now, Leander? The feds have got the atom bomb." His sons recognize that fact, one supposes, but they also know that on the pop-gun level of local politics, the atom bomb is of little use against the stubborn defenders of Plaquemines' salt-water marshes and its "happy way of life."

Bruce W. Eggler

COMING: the economic ideas and prospects of the Nixon Administration – by George L. Perry

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Liberty and Justice for Some

The Army and the First Amendment

by Peter Barnes

For three-and-a-half million American citizens in uniform, justice is what the brass say it is, damn the Constitution and full speed ahead.

Pfc. Daniel F. Amick and Private Kenneth W. Stolte, Jr. found this out the hard way. Amick met Stolte during basic training at Ford Ord, the Army's massive infantry training complex that sprawls across the sandy expanses near Monterey, California. Both came from small towns in southern California. Each had attended a local college for about a year before being drafted in 1967. Neither had ever been politically active or given much thought to the Vietnam war.

At Fort Ord, Amick and Stolte were good soldiers. They got through basic without a growl or a reprimand; their unit supervisors rated them highly for integrity and efficient performance of duty. What brought the two GI's together and made them friends was a common interest in reading and talking about spiritual matters. When they had time off, they enjoyed going down to the post library. They read and discussed books on Zen Buddhism, the Bible and Mahatma Gandhi's writings.

As time passed and it seemed probable they would be sent to fight in Vietnam, their reading turned toward matters of foreign policy. Newspapers at the base carried reports of statements by generals and Senators that were critical of US policy. Amick and Stolte began to believe, themselves, that the war made little sense.

One night they went to the library to meet a friend who worked there. He told them to go into a back room and wait until he got off duty. In the back room was a typewriter and a mimeograph machine. To kill time, Stolte sat down at the typewriter and began knocking out a statement of personal belief. When he was finished he showed it to Amick.

"What do you think?" asked Stolte.

Amick said he pretty much agreed with it.

It was rough and not very well written but they decided to sign it and run off about 200 copies on the mimeograph machine.

The statement was innocuous enough by normal civilian standards. It did not encourage victory for the Vietcong or defeat of the United States. It did not urge the violation of any law or the disobeying of any order. It expressed pretty much the same sentiments that Senator Eugene McCarthy was then voicing in his challenge of President Johnson.

"We protest the war in Vietnam," the leaflet began. "We know that war will never bring about peace. Peace can only be obtained through peaceful means. . . . Do the American people want this war? Do we, who must actively participate, have any desire for this war? Then why do we have it?" The leaflet concluded by urging others who "want to work for peace" to contact Stolte and Amick so that together they could "express our dissension and grievances."

Around 8 o'clock on the evening of February 21, 1968, Stolte and Amick, in civilian clothes, walked to the Third Brigade chapel and began handing out their leaflet to passing GI's. They tacked some on telephone poles and left when they got rid of all their copies.

A few days later they were arrested and charged with two violations of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. One alleged that, in violation of Article 81 of the UCMJ, they had conspired to "publicly [utter] disloyal statements." The second charge, under the incredibly vague Article 134 of the UCMJ, alleged that Stolte and Amick, "with design to promote disloyalty and disaffection among the troops and the civilian populace," issued their statement, "which statement was disloyal to the United States."

Their three-day general court-martial last May, held not far from the barracks-like building where 14 prisoners from the San Francisco Presidio are currently being tried for mutiny, was such a travesty of justice that only in the military could it have been conducted in such secluded efficiency and have escaped public criticism.

The motion by the defendants' civilian attorney, Francis Heisler, to dismiss the charges on the grounds that the accused had done nothing more than exercise their constitutionally protected rights of freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and the right to petition for redress of grievances, was summarily denied by the military law officer (judge). All members of the court-martial panel were ribbon-bedecked officers who either shared the commanding general's outlook on dissenters or knew full well what was good for their future advancement in the military. For the prosecution, it was enough to establish that Amick and Stolte had printed and distributed the leaflet. The defendants, who had signed their names and serial numbers to the handbill and never tried to be stealthy, readily admitted responsibility for the document.

There was no attempt by the prosecution to establish that Amick and Stolte had shared a "design" to promote disloyalty and disaffection among the troops and the civilian populace, no evidence introduced that they had actually promoted any such disloyalty or disaffection, no effort to prove that the leaflet or any

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MR. BARNES *writes for* Newsweek *in California.*

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phrase in it was "disloyal to the United States." Indeed, during cross-examination, all of the prosecution witnesses who had read the leaflet admitted that their encounters with the defendants' mimeographed prose did not cause in them the slightest twinge of disloyal or disaffected feelings.

Amick, testifying in his own defense, said he did not believe he was committing an offense when he prepared the leaflet because he grew up in America believing he had certain rights and was never told when he entered the Army that he had lost those rights: "In this country the government is – well, the government is by the people, for the people, and of the people; and the people are the ruling voice through their representatives, and any individual has the right to speak out for or against government policy. And the minority is protected by the rights of the First Amendment."

He said he did not feel at all disloyal to the United States, and had no desire of bringing about disloyalty in others. He had read statements by Generals Shoup and Gavin against the war in Vietnam and it never occurred to him that their statements might be disloyal. He said he had never ceased to perform his duty in the Army, and that neither he nor Stolte advocated that anyone else not perform assigned duties.

Stolte's account was much the same. At the time he prepared the leaflet he never felt he would be court-martialed since he did not believe he was breaking any law. He had always been taught that Americans could express their opinions, and he believed if anybody should express his views on the Vietnam war, it should be the soldiers who have to fight it.

The court-martial found the two men guilty on both charges and sentenced them to four years at hard labor, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and dishonorable discharge from the Army. In a burst of generosity, the commanding general at Fort Ord, Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Kenan, reduced the confinement at hard labor to three years instead of four. Heisler is now appealing the conviction before a board of review in the Judge Advocate General's office in Washington. Meanwhile, Amick and Stolte are in the Fort Leavenworth stockade. There is no such thing as bail for American soldiers accused of promoting disloyalty and disaffection.

More Studies, and More People

by David Sanford

Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, spoke to a gathering of Roman Catholics at Notre Dame University recently and told them in a most polite but chilling fashion what the world can expect unless it is able to contain the population explosion. "To project the totals beyond the year 2000 becomes so demanding on the imagination," Mr. McNamara said, "as to make the statistics almost incomprehensible. A child born today living on into his seventies, would know a world of 15 billion. In six and a half centuries from now . . . there would be one human being standing on every square foot of land on earth."

What he did not say there but has been saying privately is that he is especially critical of the pharmaceutical companies for not conducting research that might lead to safe, effective contraceptive devices that could be used widely in underdeveloped countries; for instance, injectible or implantable contraceptives administered once a year or every six months. The companies that produce The Pill, those which presumably should be most interested in that sort of research, won't say – perhaps because they are looking over their shoulders at their competitors – how much they are spending on research and what types they are undertaking. The suspicion is that it is not a lot, that they have profitable drugs and are not eager to spend millions of dollars on perfecting other methods which, once produced, would be cheaper and less lucrative than present methods.

McNamara has estimated that "annual worldwide expenditures for research in reproductive biology now total roughly $50 million dollars," which he believes is about a third of what should be spent. The National Institutes of Health, the federal agency which carries out or sponsors most birth control research the US undertakes, spends less than $10 million on what McNamara vaguely calls "research in population-related phenomena." The reason for the vagueness is that much of this money goes for assessing the safety and effectiveness of devices currently in use, and the social ramifications of contraception. Very little of NIH's research money is spent on applied research in reproductive biology. *The New Republic* has learned that within the next several weeks, NIH will announce $3

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million in new grants to undertake such study. Since he is on the board of the Ford Foundation, McNamara may have got his cost estimates from a paper delivered by Oscar Harkavy of Ford to a population conference last December in Paris. Harkavy has analyzed present and potential birth control methods and concludes that "no current method is ideal and that materially improved methods now under development are some years from realization." Harkavy concludes that between $37 and $42 million was spent for "research and training in reproductive biology" in 1968: $8 million by the federal government; $8 million by the Ford Foundation; $2 million by the Rockefeller Foundation; $2 by the Population Council; $2 million by other unspecified private agencies and $15-20 million by the pharmaceutical industry. The estimates omit spending by universities and foreign governments and overstate the relevance of current spending, since much of it is not directly related to new and better contraceptive devices.

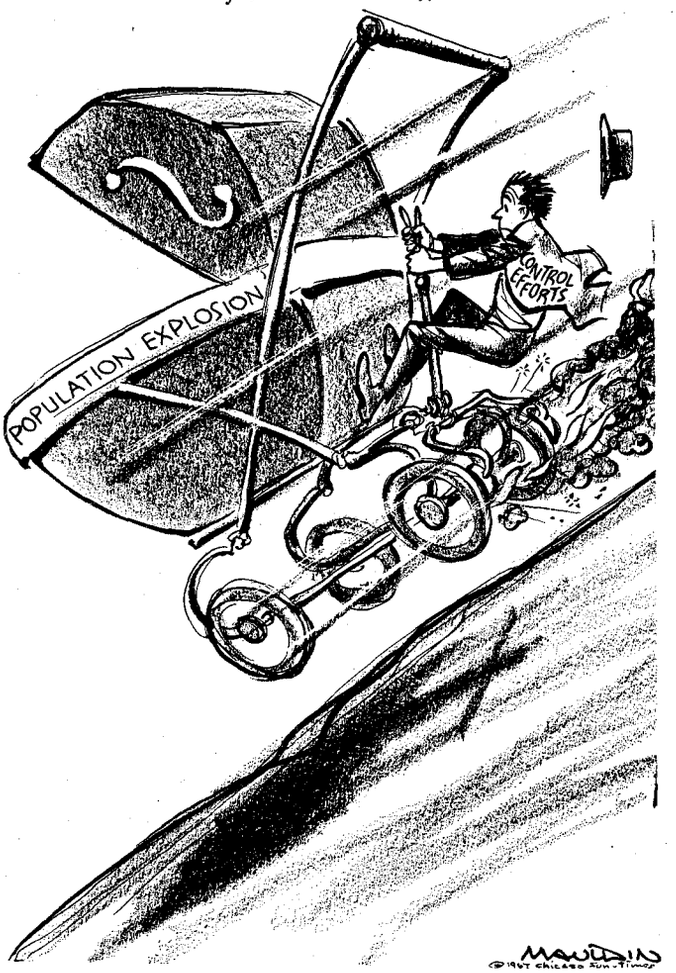
Harkavy believes that the number of senior researchers working in fertility control (thought to be around 570 worldwide) must be expanded, and that relatively large sums must be allocated to support their work on contraceptive methods for men, immunology, the study of the relationship between the central nervous system and reproduction, the female reproductive system; also, in support of academic researchers who teach, in supporting field research groups in countries that have adopted programs in fertility control, and in grants to doctoral candidates who plan to work in this area. All of this he estimates would cost $150 million.

Ford, which claims to have invested more money than any other public or private agency on population ($100 million in the last 16 years) faults NIH for not spending more on birth control. NIH has a budget in excess of 1 billion; it committed about $10 million to population research and training in fiscal '69. The Agency for International Development, directed by Congress to earmark $35 million for family planning in 1968, spends the bulk of its money on family planning programs abroad. Only $200,000 was applied to contraceptive development "despite attempts by [Ford] Foundation officers to convince AID that this work should have highest priority."

The Ford Foundation centered its interest on fundamental research and training rather than applied research in methods. Recently, however, that emphasis has shifted and grants have been made to improve and simplify the IUD (loop), to develop better sterilization techniques, and to test male birth control techniques. Only The Population Council, with a $7.6 million Ford grant, devotes itself primarily to better contraceptive devices.

The population problem is handsomely detailed in elegant reports by private and public groups; in the annual reports of the private nonprofit Population Council; in "Population Program Assistance – 1968" a report by the Agency for International Development; in heavy, slick illustrated annual reports of the Rockefeller Foundation; in "Family Planning: Nation-Wide Opportunities for Action," put out last year by the Department of Health Education and Welfare; in "Population and Family Planning: The Transition from Concern to Action," the report of the President's Committee on Population; and elsewhere. Each in its fashion exhibits immense "concern" for the "problem"; each does what it can to inspire "action."

Yet each more than anything else resembles a puff job for stockholders, a glossy, full-color apologia listing projects yet to be funded and goals yet to be fulfilled. Each, specifically, details how little is being accomplished in what is perhaps the most pressing area of birth, or fertility, control – the development of devices that will make world population control practical. Said the President's Committee: "Basic studies of reproductive processes, grossly neglected in the past, must go forward. . . . Also needed are long-range studies. . . ." Wrote HEW: "Basic research on the reproductive processes is needed to pave the way for applied research which may develop a variety of contraceptive techniques. . . . " All of this is true. But as Mr. McNamara says, it's not enough.



Runaway

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High on Promise, Low on Money

The President and the Poor

by John Osborne

The way the Nixon people tell it, Stephen Hess was at his desk in the White House basement one morning in early March, trying to think of somebody who might be fitted and willing to head up the Office of Economic Opportunity, when – like that, out of the blue, for no particular reason – the name of Congressman Donald Rumsfeld of Illinois occurred to him. Hess is President Nixon's deputy assistant for urban affairs. He and his immediate superior, Daniel P. Moynihan, had been looking for an OEO director since January. They had combed the list of the nation's college and university presidents, and had considered every Republican businessman and politician of any prominence who was known to have some social sensibility. Former Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania had declined the honor. A retired newspaper publisher, in his sixties, a friend of the President's, had been offered the job and had then been turned aside for reasons of age. Two other prospects, a politician and a businessman, had been sounded out and had shown no interest. A simple solution, too simple for the Nixon Administration, would have been to retain Acting Director Bertrand Harding, a capable civil servant who had replaced Sargent Shriver on a caretaker basis when he became the ambassador to Paris last year. But the President wanted a new man, a good Nixon Republican who could be counted upon to take the scarred and shaky OEO in hand and demonstrate that the nation's poor could be efficiently served in the Nixon style.

Rumsfeld could be that man. But would he take the job? At 36, he had been reelected in 1968 to his fourth term from a rich, nearly all-white suburban Chicago district. He had proved himself to be bright, aggressive, a hard campaigner, a fighter for reform of House procedures, a critic of OEO but a supporter of its aims. Hess had met him twice and been impressed with him last year, at a Harvard dinner and at the Miami Beach convention. Doubtful though he was by then that anybody would want the OEO job, more doubtful that a young Congressman with a promising career would consider it, Hess telephoned Rumsfeld at his Capitol office. To Hess's astonishment, Rumsfeld did not say no. He was soon to be off on a trip to England and the Far East, and he would think about the offer. Moynihan reported the possibility to Nixon; the President was pleased and prepared to await Rumsfeld's return, although the delay in finding a director was getting to be acutely embarrassing.

On March 30, the Sunday of the Eisenhower funeral, Hess and two other White House assistants, Peter Flanigan and Harry Flemming, gave Rumsfeld the works at his modest home in the Georgetown section of Washington. The President needed him, wanted him. Mr. Nixon understood from his own experience that Rumsfeld would be giving up a secure House seat and a seemingly brilliant political future for a post that, to most politicians, would appear to be a dead end. But Nixon believed, and hoped that Rumsfeld would perceive, that with the President's backing the OEO job could open up a brighter future than Congress promised. Hess left with Rumsfeld a six-page memo, spelling it all out. Widespread doubts to the contrary notwithstanding, the President intended to retain and nurture OEO as an innovative anti-poverty instrument. Rumsfeld as its director would have Cabinet status; he would be a member of the new Urban Affairs Council; he would chair the council committee charting not only OEO's future but that of the whole poverty program.

It seemed to Rumsfeld's visitors that he was intrigued by the offer and flattered by the President's interest. But not, as yet, to the point of accepting. He fired back a memo of his own, setting forth reasons why he probably was not right for the job. He was a white Ivy Leaguer (Princeton '54), a basically conservative representative of a very conservative district, an early opponent and continuing critic of the Democratic programs administered by OEO. This said, he got to the nub: if he was really being asked to preside over the disintegration of OEO – a process which he had tried from 1964 through 1966 to bring about with votes against annual OEO authorizations – he did not want the job.

Weary of the hunt and sensing that they all but had their man, Hess and Moynihan refused to be put off. Nixon had retired to Key Biscayne in Florida for the pre-Easter season. Rumsfeld was heading for the nearby Bahamas with his friend Rogers Morton, the Maryland Congressman and new chairman of the Republican National Committee. Hess arranged for Rumsfeld to be flown to Florida in a government plane, for a se-

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cret meeting with Nixon. There the President convinced Rumsfeld that he was not, as he later said, intended to be the funeral director of OEO. In a telephone talk with Hess the next day, Rumsfeld indicated that only two hurdles remained: persuading his wife that it was the right and wise thing to do, and salary. The OEO job, then paying $30,000 a year, was soon to pay $42,500 – the salary Congressmen had just begun receiving – and the Constitution could be interpreted to prevent a former Congressman from benefitting from executive raises accomplished during his elective tenure. A White House assistant who was consulted in the matter swears that he said to Rumsfeld: "Great wives respond greatly to great challenges, and fancy lawyers will figure out a way around the salary problem." Joyce Rumsfeld responded satisfactorily and John Ehrlichman, the White House counsel, solved the salary problem. Rumsfeld would serve as OEO director without pay and draw the required $42,500 as a full assistant to the President. All concerned, the President and Rumsfeld included, promptly convinced themselves that this arrangement was further evidence of Mr. Nixon's high regard for both Rumsfeld and OEO.

No sooner was the appointment announced, with maximum emphasis upon the sacrifice Rumsfeld was making and the bright rewards foreseen by the President, than Rumsfeld's Congressional colleagues began asking him and each other why he would leave the House of Representatives for such a job. Rumsfeld's answer – that he welcomed a chance to work in the executive branch for a change, and believed that he could contribute something of value to society while doing it – rang true to a surprising number of his friends in the House. A less kindly explanation, one that Rumsfeld calls utter rubbish, was that for all of his reputation as an up-and-coming young politician he was really a Congressman with a dim Congressional future and knew it. Two of his Illinois colleagues, Leslie Arends and John Anderson, stood above and ahead of him in the House Republican leadership and there was scarcely room in it for a third Illinois Congressman. Rumsfeld had recently lost his one immediate chance for inclusion among his party's elite in the House when Ohio Congressman Robert Taft, Jr. defeated him by a single vote for the chairmanship of the Republican Research and Planning Committee. Rumsfeld had fought hard, and with little regard for Congressional niceties, to preserve the committee against the wishes of older Republicans who look upon it as an instrument of such young upstarts as himself, and then had waged an equally vigorous fight for the chairmanship. He professed to take the defeat in stride, but his wife knew better. She hand-lettered a plaque with this legend: YOU'VE WORKED LIKE HELL, YOU'VE DONE ALL YOU CAN – AND YOU BLEW IT! Rumsfeld hung the plaque on his office wall. He does not deny that younger Congressmen in their third to fifth terms, when they have got about all the place has to offer in desirable committee assignments but still lack the seniority required for the ultimate plums, commonly experience a frustration that drives some to seek other work. He says that this was not what moved him. But he recalls, discussing this aspect of Congressional life, his decision in the 1950's, after three years as a "damn good" Navy pilot, that he didn't want to spend the rest of his life being "just another chauffeur."

Moderate, conservative but socially sensitive young Republicans of Rumsfeld's Congressional generation and ilk speak of him with sincere but expectable admiration and predict that he will make a success of the OEO job if anybody can. For unexpected and therefore impressive testimony to the same effect, the inquirer must turn to none other than Democratic Congressman Allard K. Lowenstein of New York. Lowenstein, a freshman Representative from Long Island, began working to "dump Johnson" in 1967, when Lyndon Johnson was assumed to be undumpable. His office on Capitol Hill is a haven for the hot-eyed young, and he himself is a radical revolutionary by comparison with the careful and rather staid Rumsfeld. But they have been friends and admirers of each other since 1957, when Lowenstein was working in Washington for Hubert Humphrey and Rumsfeld for Republican Senator Robert Griffin of Michigan, then a Representative. They met as – of all things – fellow members of an amateur wrestling club. They once planned to buy and run a country newspaper together. Rumsfeld offered last year to interrupt his arduous campaigning for Nixon and campaign for Lowenstein against his Republican opponent. Happily for Rumsfeld's relationship with Nixon, Lowenstein declined the offer.

Lowenstein recalls that in 1963, when he was working in Mississippi to win voting rights and political muscle for Negroes, Rumsfeld was one of the few Congressmen who was "really responsive and tried to help out." Now hear Allard Lowenstein on his friend's promise and prospects at OEO: "I'm a fan of his. I think he can make a great contribution to something he is interested in, and I know he is interested, deeply interested, in doing something about poverty in this country. . . . He is intelligent, he has integrity, he is committed. . . . I know he's going to be committed to the right things, but I'm not sure that's true of the Nixon Administration. . . . My worry is that they [at the White House] not waste him down there." Lowenstein thinks that Rumsfeld will have to broaden his concepts of what American society has to do for itself, in the way of fundamental change, before it can seriously begin to right the wrongs of the poor. But in this, too, he predicts that Rumsfeld will come up to the mark if Nixon recognizes the need and moves adequately to meet it.

A rather dubious measure of present adequacy was

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provided last week by the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy, head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. He presented Nixon with demands so near to the Administration's announced and promised anti-poverty actions that Abernathy's televised complaints after the meeting sounded singularly empty. A more pertinent measure was provided by Rumsfeld's co-discoverer and sponsor, Pat Moynihan. In a speech derived from a memorandum that he prepared for the President in January and presented to the Urban Affairs Council as an initial outline of the "national urban policy" promised by Nixon, Moynihan said among other things that the federal supplement to state and city expenditures for social purposes will have to be approximately doubled (to a level that would have produced $40 billion in this fiscal year) before true progress can be claimed. What with budgetary hold-downs to curb inflation, and a controlling estimate of the need that falls far short of Moynihan's, the Administration is a long way from an anti-poverty effort on the scale he suggests.

A Nixon appointee (not Moynihan) who is as deeply involved as anyone in the Administration with the effort to evolve a meaningful attack upon poverty and its causes was asked last week to skip the rhetoric and evaluate his and his companion workers' accomplishments to date. First, he said in reply, the Administration must be credited with a major effort to protect "the poor" from the impact of its counterinflationary steps. Thus, while the increase in Social Security benefits proposed by the outgoing Johnson Administration had been lowered, some increase had been recommended. The additional $300 million recommended for aid to dependent children was "very important." The Nixon proposal to free practically everybody earning incomes below official poverty levels from federal income tax was equally significant, both for its show of good intent and for the effect it will have if Congress adopts it. And there was the recently declared intention, also subject to Congressional approval, to spend an additional $270 million in the next fiscal year and at least $1 billion per year thereafter for an expanded effort to alleviate hunger.

But the biggest effort, the one consuming most of Nixon officialdom's energies and talents at this stage, was aimed at revamping and improving the structures – "the systems" – through which social reforms and advances have to be accomplished. This took time, the Administration figured that it had the time, and (as the President had said) it meant to take the necessary time. The OEO, soon to be taken over by Donald Rumsfeld, was going to be shaken up and tuned up and transformed from a marvel of scatter-shot inefficiency into an efficient laboratory for social innovation. (Rumsfeld, agreeing with this aim, had said rather plaintively that experiments always produce some failures and he did hope the public would expect and tolerate those, too.) The Johnson Model Cities program, originally designed to concentrate urban revival in restricted target areas, had in effect been scrapped and (at the same estimated cost) was going to be made over into a broadened channel for federal assistance, monetary and technical. Big things, really big changes, were ahead for the present federal, state and local welfare systems. A Presidential message now in preparation would propose the substitution of cash payments for the present commodity and food-stamp programs; the establishment of a national minimum for welfare payments to individuals (perhaps $30 a month); and, probably though not yet certainly, direct federal payments to supplement low earned incomes.

It was too bad (the official continued) that press and public took so little interest in certain functional changes that had already been accomplished or proposed. There was, for instance, the President's decision to consolidate the regional offices of federal departments and agencies (Labor, HEW, Housing and Urban Development, OEO) with primary social responsibilities and delegate more authority from Washington to them. This was dull stuff, it also took time, but in the end it would work major improvement in the delivery of federal services where they were intended to go and often didn't. The President had just asked Congress for authority to centralize the administration of multifarious grants for related purposes in a single agency, to be chosen by him to fit the need. The Bureau of the Budget was working out new administrative procedures, aimed at improving the allocation and delivery of planning grants and seeing to it that the recipients of such grants for similar purposes use them in similar and presumably more efficient ways.

A fair question, of course, is whether the time being taken and the energies being expended by the Nixon Administration in such structural and systemic efforts will produce results on the order and of the quality predicted for them. They may in due time add up to something worthy of being called a Nixon anti-poverty program. The Nixon approach, as those who have designed and now defend it recognize, entails for the present a high content of promise and a low content of specific and immediate action. Richard Nathan, one of the brighter Nixon men and the Budget Bureau's assistant director "for human resources," encountered in his home the other day a gentle touch of the impatience that he and his co-workers in the poverty field have schooled themselves to endure. Upon his return from an overnight trip to New York, he told his five-year-old daughter that he had been up there looking for better ways "to help the poor."

"That's easy, daddy," Miss Nathan said. "Just give 'em money."

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What Are We Doing In Thailand?

by Zalin B. Grant

Sakon Nakhon, Thailand

"The villagers ask me who are better: the Communists or the Americans," said the Thai civil engineer as our jeep bounced over oxcart trails in northeast Thailand. "I tell them, 'well, at least the Americans bring development.' "

Thailand's Communist insurgency first flared in the early sixties in Sakon Nakhon province. Since then the US has pumped and primed a growing counter-insurgency program in the northeast – a big chunk of poverty-choked land bulging into the Laos panhandle. US Army engineers have joined in an intensive Thai road construction effort to open the isolated region, where one-third of Thailand's 33 million population languishes. US Green Berets have honed government anti-guerrilla commandos. The US Information Service has built a powerful government radio station in the northeast and also has set up mobile propaganda teams for the Thais. The US Agency for International Development has funneled millions of dollars into projects designed to boost the bare subsistence economy of the area. The Central Intelligence Agency has recruited a large intelligence-gathering net of Thai agents.

After the blunders of Vietnam, the counterinsurgency program in northeast Thailand at first glance appears impressive, like a homely girl enhanced by a roomful of uglies. The northeast has been stirred – however slightly – from its poverty-induced torpor and the Communist insurgency has been tamped down – at least temporarily – by rural development and military intimidation. But like the northeast villagers, Thai government officials in Bangkok are pondering the high cost of American aid. For after six centuries of agilely avoiding Asian and European imperialism, the Thais now nervously find themselves waist-deep in the big muddy of an uncertain American foreign policy. Trying to regain lost initiative, Thailand's foreign minister, Thanat Khoman, recently called for peace talks between Red China and Thailand. When the Vietnam war ends, he said, "the *raison d'être* for the presence of American forces in Asia in Vietnam and Thailand will cease."

Thailand's problem is that for the past seven years the US military has wormed its way into key areas of the Thai infrastructure – with men and money. Nearly 33,000 Americans are assigned to the six huge airbases in Thailand. But another 17,000 have spread out over the country in a variety of jobs that would fill a Pentagon directory; they range from counter-guerrilla advisers to logistics specialists to civil affairs officers. Our close ties with the ancient kingdom of Siam began at the end of World War II. Thailand's decision to become Japan's ally and declare war on America and Britain was quickly forgotten. The US pushed for the country's admission to the United Nations. Encouraged by its new American friends, Thailand later sent 4,000 troops to fight in Korea. US arms and ammunition began to flow into Thailand, and a US Military Advisory Assistance Group was established in Bangkok. After the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) was formed in 1954, the US advisory effort in Thailand continued to expand – at the same time that a similar US advisory group was dropping even deeper roots in Vietnam.

The 1962 Laos crisis was the tie that really bound. For a time it appeared that US troops might be sent to quell the fighting in Thailand's neighbor to the north. On March 6, 1962, Secretary of State Dean Rusk revealed that he had given a new special interpretation to the SEATO treaty – an eight-nation alliance pledged to defend the region against Communist attack. Rusk held that the member states' responsibilities to each other could be individual in addition to being collective. In effect, he established a bilateral defense accord between Bangkok and Washington – conveniently without having to seek Senate approval of a new defense treaty. Rusk's interpretation of SEATO became – and still is – the Tonkin Gulf resolution for Thailand, allowing the President to pour in troops without congressional controls. That is, so far as one

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knows, also the interpretation of his successor, William Rogers, who is due in Bangkok this week for SEATO's 14th meeting.

In May 1962, President John F. Kennedy dispatched a 5,000-man task force to Thailand. The 9th Logistical Command was sent from Okinawa to support the task force. By December of that same year the Laos situation had cooled. The task force was removed from Thailand. But the smaller 9th Logistical Command stayed. In typically murky phrases, an official Army document explained why: "During the 1962 troop deployment, studies were initiated in the logistics field. SEATO military planners developed detailed plans for improving the logistics base and infrastructure of Thailand in order to insure more responsive logistical support for eventual joint and combined operations under various contingency plans." US Army engineers began building a Bangkok bypass road.

Soon, military construction projects blossomed all over the country. "Acceleration of the construction program," read the Army's explanation, "was in response to the growing threat to Thailand manifested in Communist aggression against Laos and South Vietnam." Six huge airbases were built, from which US planes could bomb Laos and North Vietnam. This in turn called for large numbers of Air Force technicians to keep track of the planes. So scores of smaller Air Force sites sprang up throughout Thailand. B-52 bomber tracking stations dot the country. A 140-man radar site in the northeast directs Laos pilots flying from a base a mile away across the Laos border. The Bangkok port could not handle the supplies needed for the growing US presence in Thailand. So the Army built its own $40-million port at Sattahip in southeastern Thailand. Now Americans here talk of enlarging the Bangkok port and the southern port of Songkla.

"There's got to be some other way out of it . . ."

During the Vietnam buildup, Army as well as Air Force units were hastily thrown into Thailand. To tidy up their command channels, the Pentagon created the US Army Support Command, Thailand in 1967. The old 9th Logistical Command, the 44th Engineer Group, the 133rd Medical Group (responsible for two new US hospitals), the 40th Military Police battalion and the 29th Signal Group all brought their own octopus-like operations under the Support Command's umbrella.

The Support Command's prosaic description of its "mission" indicates how the Army views its role in Thailand. The old 9th Logistical Command's mission had been "to establish and maintain a logistical base." The new Support Command was given a broader job: 1) "To act as the Army component in Thailand 2) To provide logistical support to the US Air Force 3) To develop the logistical infrastructure of Thailand and 4) To participate in joint bilateral and SEATO planning." This broadly defined mission is another of many indications that the Pentagon does not agree with Thailand's foreign minister that the *raison d'être* for the US presence in Thailand ends with the Vietnam war.

The Joint US Military Advisory Assistance Group – which functions separately from the Support Command – has also grown steadily. First, the threat of Communist insurgency in the northeast required (as the Army saw it) both Army advisers to help the Thai regular army and Special Forces to train elite Thai troops. Next came a Communist-inspired revolt by the nomadic tribesmen in the north. This is considered a separate war from the one in the northeast, where the fight is against ethnic Thai Communists. More advisers, said the Army, were needed in the north. Finally, US Special Forces were sent south to help root out Communist insurgency – many of them leftovers from Britain's war with Malay guerrillas – on the Thai-Malaysia border.

In theory, US Ambassador Leonard Unger is responsible for our total military presence in Thailand, as well as for the alphabet soup of US government agencies operating in various and often vague capacities. Last year Ambassador Unger recruited George Tanham as his special assistant for counterinsur-

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gency. An ex-RAND official, Tanham produced some of the earliest American research on guerrilla warfare. He also served an unhappy year in Vietnam as an associate director of the AID program, where he watched US agencies proliferate without control. In Thailand, Tanham's job is to pull together and coordinate the US military and civilian personnel who have their fingers in counterinsurgency. Tanham uses the "softsell" – as he describes it – to encourage Thai counterinsurgency officials and to keep his American subordinates in hand. "The overriding US policy," he says, "is that we are not to do it. Either the Thais carry out their counterinsurgency program or it's not going to get done." Not quite. Tanham's agents have not fully controlled the all-American impulse to take charge.

Nonetheless, Thailand may be the cradle of America's first skilled counterrevolutionary cadre. In Sakon Nakhon, for example, eight American civilians are officially engaged in counterinsurgency. All are experts. The USAID adviser has had years of experience in underdeveloped countries; the young USIS field worker has a graduate degree in journalism from Columbia and speaks fluent Thai; the chief of the six CIA agents operating in the area previously worked in Laos.

But Tanham lacks real power over the American counterrevolutionaries. He has only the weapon of friendly persuasion – gained by his proximity to the ambassador's ear – to keep them in check. Trying to stop the expansion of the military establishment with tact is better perhaps than fighting a forest fire with a seltzer bottle – but not much. So on the military side, Sakon Nakhon has become a textbook illustration of overkill. Only several Americans were engaged in counterrevolution here three years ago. In the entire province of 500,000 persons, there are a mere thousand shoddily armed and poorly supported insurgents. Yet the following US forces have entrenched themselves in the area:

A 40-man Green Beret "B" team from the 46th Special Forces in Okinawa trains Thai anti-guerrilla forces in the jungle hills near the province capital. Despite their complaints, the Green Berets aren't permitted to carry weapons or to participate in search and destroy operations. They do take part in training operations, conducted near Communist strongholds. These dummy operations could easily turn into the real thing if Communist terrorists wanted to score a propaganda victory by killing an American soldier in the field. If their mission is only to train, why are the Americans stationed in the most hazardous areas? Why, too, haven't Thai troops been trained to replace the Green Berets? The Special Forces have been assigned to Sakon Nakhon for more than two years. One American official told me that keeping the Special Forces in hand was a "major" problem.

Compared to the 809th Engineering battalion, the Green Berets are a small force. When it trundled into Sakon Nakhon seven months ago, the 1,500-man battalion was assigned to build a two-lane highway from Sakon Nakhon to the big Nakhon Phanom airbase (used to bomb Laos) near the Laos border. The engineers are also used as an arm in the counterinsurgency effort. The battalion has opened more than a thousand jobs – from "hootch girls" who shine shoes and clean rooms, to security guards – for the Thais in the Sakon Nakhon area, creating an artificial flashfire economy that can't be sustained after they leave. However, the engineers are in no hurry to go. "Thailand is an excellent training ground for the Engineer Corps," says the 809th's commander. "In the States we just study but here we actually get to build roads."

The 606th Air Force Medical Detachment has worked around Sakon Nakhon in civilian clothes and unmarked trucks for years, performing public health chores. Not long ago, Thais in remote villages discovered a new medic team handing out only a few pills but asking a lot of questions. The new medics were actually members of a secret US military intelligence unit from Okinawa (operating separately from the CIA agents, who flimsily pose as "Public Safety" advisers). The Thais named them the "007 Medics."

The American impact on the sleepy, dirt-poor areas in Sakon Nakhon is as noticeable as the B-52 craters we've left in other parts of Southeast Asia. Whorehouses have sprung up along the roads near US engineering sites. Bars and "massage" parlors pimple the province capital of Sakon Nakhon. The CIA headquarters' new next-door neighbor is the Pink Robe Turkish Bath and Massage Parlor. The Green Beret Club, in the central part of town (pop: 20,000), swings from early morning until late night. One of its posted rules of conduct admonishes Thai girls: "Women will not conduct themselves in a disorderly manner while visiting this club." A Thai army major made the mistake of conducting *himself* in a disorderly manner a few months ago and the American GI bartender shot him.

For all the new roads, for all expert training by the Green Berets, the US presence in Sakon Nakhon has a tremendous negative impact that cannot be quantified on neat counterinsurgency charts. As an American official here says: "The military is putting our worst foot forward." Thai officials are aware of the serious problems created by the *farangs*, their distasteful name for foreigners. I asked a top Thai general what effect an American withdrawal from Thailand would have on the counterinsurgency program. "An American withdrawal might help," he replied. "It would give the Communists one less matter to exploit."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Round Up

Altura Films International

King, Murray

Iconographic

The success of Miklós Jancsó's *The Red and the White* (1967), reviewed here April 19, has quickly brought us his earlier picture *The Round Up* (1965). What was apparent in the former film is now confirmed: this Hungarian must be ranked among important living directors.

The Round Up deals with the extirpation of revolt. Twenty years after 1848, there are still Hungarian followers of the exiled Kossuth who are making trouble for the Austrian authorities. We see how they are hunted down. The setting– the sole setting – is a stockade in the middle of an immense plain. (Which reminds us that much of central Europe is flat. Fine battle country.) A number of farmers and sheepherders have been corraled. The authorities know that a rebel leader and his band are among the prisoners but are unable to identify them. The story is a series of tactics to isolate the outlaws. Stool pigeons and murder are involved.

As in his subsequent film, Jancsó has had the help of his cinematographer, Tamás Somló, not merely to put the story on film but to render it in images – to transform the film's concerns into light and shadow and plane and flow of motion. Again the picture is black-and-white, which suits its parabolic intensity, as if color would figuratively have clothed a film that figuratively needs to be naked. Again it is widescreen, to cope with the immense landscape and the rivulet of history running through it.

History is the key word in considering Jancsó. He has said that his aim in these two films was to clarify the Hungarian past for Hungarians: that he grew up in "the main body of the heroic age of building socialism" (he is 48) and that he shared the "shock when we recognized that, side by side with basically right endeavors, grave mistakes were committed – also by us." Specifically in *The Round Up* he wanted to smash silly conceptions of outlawry and rebellion, "this phony-romantic conception of the Magyar spirit, this conception which wants to gloss over reality." Yet the picture is not authoritarian; its sympathy is entirely with the rebels. Nor is it cynical and defeatist, although it ends with the authorities' victory. It seems to me realistic: it faces the fact that, given equal determination on both sides, superior force wins, not superior ideals. Gyula Maár writes in the *New Hungarian Quarterly* (Winter 1968):

> "[*The Round Up*] examines a legend, the romantic legend of the world of outlaws, and breaks it to pieces by showing how it works, the mechanism of the power-enforcement organization and the machinery of oppression."

Jancsó is not trying to disprove the existence of selflessness and heroism. He is trying to show the realistic difference between dying for a belief (which may be a kind of vanity) and helping that belief to prevail, at least for a while.

Cinematically, too, he has applied contemporary perspective to traditional materials. This has been done before, of course: for instance, Mario Monicelli did it with the subject of labor struggles in *The Organizer* (1963). Jancsó works with harsh whites, sudden blacks, lone figures against plaster walls, silhouettes against the stretching immensity of the horizon. The people in these compositions also seem elements in a metaphorical composition – as in Bergman, whom Jancsó claims as one of his masters. This is made even more poignant by the strength of their faces. Even without our contravening Jancsó's purpose, without romanticizing about high checkbones and fierce noses and fur capes, we can still get from his actors a sense of centripetal ethnic force. His overall structure, too, mitigates against a ballad swell of heroism. Episodes slip into the center of our attention and out again, finished often with a death: and the casual air seems to say that design in life is a function of retrospect.

All through *The Round Up* there are elements that were used later in *The Red and the White:* the white walls, the shock of female nudity in military surroundings (women stripped by captors), prisoners' suicide by leaping from heights, the fiddling of commanders with petty commands. (Also some faces are recognizable from the later picture.) What we are spared here is the hearts-aflame finish of *The Red and the White,* which was a coproduction with the Soviet Union. This film sticks to its grim guns. But I also disliked the very last shot of *The Round Up* – for quite different reasons. It's a freeze-frame: not merely a whacking cliché by now but a stylistic break with the rest of the film, which is in large Eisensteinian curves. This last-second bid for hipness is quite a different matter from the modernity of concept that has operated throughout.

The Red and the White had its draggy moments, and there are somewhat more in *The Round Up.* Jancsó says he depends very much on his editor Zoltan Farkas who is his "first critic." Farkas was more stringent with the later film and, I hope, will grow even more so. It's a matter of trifles all along the way: a second or two here, sometimes a very brief superfluous scene, but these trifles add up distractingly and divert us from the image to the thought of the image-makers. Jancsó's work, moment by moment, is more potent than either he or Farkas completely realizes. Less would do more. Less would keep the moving pictures from occasionally lapsing into unmoving picturesqueness.

But, as I noted earlier, Jancsó is one of that now-rare breed, the truly epic directors. He is able to depict history and the people snared in it, and without trying to recreate the Battle of Borodino. The two films of his that have been seen here are attempts to accommodate individual psychological verities with basic Marxist views of absolute purpose. Both films have been highly impressive in style and scope. He made a new film in 1968, and he had made four before *The Round Up.* I hope the new one and some of the earlier ones are on their way here.

King, Murray is a "documentary" about a Long Island insurance salesman, his daily hustle, and a weekend in Las Vegas with some friends and some chicks. Although it is crudely

(Continued on page 33)

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Joseph Featherstone: Making a New Man

The Children of the Dream by Bruno Bettelheim

(Macmillan; $6.95)

It's hard to know whether the mood of communitarian idealism in America will develop into a movement capable of creating specific institutions. So much of our social thought bears the marks of a vacuum: think of how people discuss "free" schools – endless, radiant summers playing hookey, and never mind if this sounds boring. Or take the common daydreams of community: togetherness today and tomorrow, with little notion that life, even in a utopia, has to be a balance of contradictory elements – private and communal activities, for example. Lacking concrete examples of alternate ways to live, people fall back on wistful abstractions, feeding their hearts on fantasies. Bruno Bettelheim's account of child-rearing in an Israeli kibbutz is the kind of shrewd social reporting we need if we are going to renew a practical utopianism and revive our somewhat rusty national genius for building institutions.

Bettelheim is best known for his heroic work with disturbed and autistic children at the University of Chicago's Orthogenic School. As a writer, he has mined a distinctive vein of Freudian orthodoxy, free of the scholasticism that has settled like dust over psychoanalytic literature. In his hands, orthodox concepts are metaphors for real experiences, not abstractions leading bloodless lives of their own. One of his virtues is an openness to radical human possibilities – for evil as well as good. Despite his orthodoxy, it was Bettelheim who argued that the adult personalities of men and women are by no means as fixed as is usually believed: reflecting on his imprisonment in a German concentration camp, he came to believe that such experiences could change people in fundamental, horrifying ways. *Children of the Dream* is a personal report on another set of radical potentialities: an account of children brought up collectively, instead of in the separate families that psychiatrists, sociologists, and most of the rest of us in this culture take to be the universal human condition.

On the whole, the book is a brief for the kibbutz. Children raised communally, Bettelheim believes, fare better than many poor children in this country, and better than quite a few middle class children as well. The argument is ringed with complex qualifications, however. Bettelheim shares with Freud a conviction that all human institutions are to some degree repressive, and that the advantages of one way of life are bought at the expense of specific kinds of suffering and repression. His instinct is to find the hidden costs of any social arrangement, even when he approves of it; this is partly responsible for the tough persuasiveness of the book. It is far from being the hymn of praise that I expected. In considering the collective ownership of goods in the kibbutz, for example, he is brought face to face with John Locke's perception that property is an extension of the person; there is a connection between private property and the heightened individuality the bourgeoisie has prized. In the end, Bettelheim prefers the society of the kibbutz to ours, for the simple reason that it is more just, and that its institutions give somewhat less pain and somewhat more strength.

The basic fact about the kibbutz is that the family is no longer the central mediator between the community and a child. Parents still exert a strong, if diffuse, influence, visiting children daily in the nurseries. They play a much larger role than individual nursemaids, caretakers, and teachers, who come and go. Still, according to Bettelheim, the three centers of influence on a child are, in descending order of importance, his peers, the collective itself, and his parents.

Each of the various stages of growing up in the kibbutz exacts a price from the children. By Bettelheim's reckoning, infancy is problematic, and adolescence is a particularly difficult time. By contrast, latency – the age between 5 and 12 – and adulthood seem relatively happy. (A fascinating but skimpy chapter interprets these stages in the light of Erik Erikson's theories of development.)

Infants in the kibbutz are given more physical leeway than in many middle-class homes in America, particularly in matters such as toilet training and thumb-sucking. They are more free to explore the physical and social environment. But they have less conversation with adults. Typically, parents don't comfort a baby when he cries at night in the nursery; he has to learn that his security derives from the presence of the other children and the institutions of the kibbutz. Bettelheim insists that the emotional quality of children's attachment to one another is very deep: one finds its equivalent only in such religious communities as the Amish.

Now, the notion that a series of figures can take the place of a mother without crippling a child's development runs against the grain, and certainly the studies of American children in "total" institutions such as orphanages and hospitals, suggest that, ordinarily, mothering is vital. (To be sure, the very organization of many of these institutions generates special problems.) Bettelheim's point is that the warm, communal context of kibbutz life alters the case. What counts in a child's growth may be the total balance of good and bad experiences, and not a fixed quantity of mother's love.

Latency is a time of fairly smooth sailing. Adults know the child, they don't make unnecessary demands on him, there are useful farm tasks to do. Parents, teachers and peers are united in their loyalty to the collective. What super-ego a child has is collective. Its sources are diffuse, but in some ways its commands are harder to escape. No

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internalized, dissenting voices within the child encourage rebellion. The possibility of having to take on the whole collective for a transgression is too terrible for most children to contemplate. They suppress dangerous thoughts, particularly any feelings of resentment against the group. In Bettelheim's observation a kibbutz child has less capacity for independence and empathy than a middle class child in our society. Hearing little inner dialogue with adult voices, he has less private life, is less able to imagine another person's feelings. But he is more secure on the whole, less anxious. There is little doubt in his mind that he is growing into a rightful place, that he belongs: the whole aim of his upbringing, after all, is to knit him into the rural community where it is hoped he will live and work as an adult.

The problems of adolescence are not those of our society, where idealistic adolescents become sober careerists too early, at the same time that sex and serious work are delayed. With its sense of mission, the kibbutz, provides ideals for young people to live by and gives them real work. These are given, however, not earned. The milieu isn't necessarily a good setting in which to explore a private identity. Young people find it hard to form close friendships, and the general lack of intimacy characteristic of the whole way of life impedes development. There are some historical ironies here. The first generation, the founders of the kibbutzim, saw themselves as liberators. They were in revolt against the ghettoes of Central Europe, the traditional Jewish family and education system; they favored a more authentic, communal life close to the earth. They were going to remove all barriers to natural relations between people – property, sex, caste. Yet in practice, the order they established is strict and even puritanical. Sometimes this is an unintended consequence of what seemed a natural and down-to-earth way of doing things. In many kibbutzim, for example, girls and boys share quarters until the age of 18; Bettelheim says the effect of this "natural" arrangement is to force many adolescents to deny and ignore their sexual feelings.

The founding generation wanted to establish a free community, but it also wanted its children to perpetuate the kibbutz. The free community was to promote both individuality and equality, even though these goals were in some respects contradictory. And, as Bettelheim says, "Most of all, while the kibbutz was designed to enable one to be intimate with others, it disregards the fact that this is not possible without knowing how to be intimate with oneself . . . one cannot cry with some thirty people."

As adults, the second generation has less secular religious devotion to the ideal of the kibbutz than the founders had. They are self-assured; but Bettelheim found them reserved and even impassive in comparison to their talky, intellectual parents. They have a deep attachment to the land, often a particular hill or pond – where, perhaps, they have a right to be solitary. They do well on academic tests, second in Israel only to the products of elite urban high schools. In general the education system on the kibbutz seems to level up the low performers and level down the bright students. As soldiers, the young people of the kibbutz are clannish, scornful of the selfishness of other Israeli troops, known for their remarkable esprit and high casualty rates. Some officers told Bettelheim that they lack judgment in new situations and are best in direct attacks. They tend to avoid experiences apart from their peers. On the other hand they are not alienated and have a profound sense of responsibility for the community. They have escaped much of the despair and greed of the modern world, at some cost to their personal identity; perhaps, Bettelheim says, the third generation will make up for some of their loss.

There is much that is missing from *Children of the Dream*. Bettelheim is good at describing the life of the young, but he doesn't seem much interested in adults. Kibbutz adults marry, and Western traditions of romantic love still seem strong. Yet there is nothing about marriage.

In a face-to-face community like the kibbutz – between 100 and 2,000 people – one would expect opportunities for children to meet a greater range of adults than they do, say, in a suburb here. And you would expect these adults to have some influence. There is nothing about this in the book.

Similarly, one wonders about the "peers." Do children meet children of different ages? Bettelheim stresses the importance of group life, but its exact nature is hard to grasp. Are there smaller groupings of comrades? There

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are enough people in any kibbutz to create a complexity of social relationships between the individual and the entire collective. Again, this is a blank.

There are no statistics on delinquency and mental illness. Bettelheim is quite convincing when he argues that the kibbutz is healthier in most respects than our society – particularly in its capacity to accept the sick and the old. But what kinds of mental strain do kibbutz people suffer, and how does their general sanity compare with that of people in smaller rural communities in this society? There is little about the people who leave. Even their number is unknown, with estimates running from 5-to-7 to 15-to-50 percent. (Bettelheim does say that those he's spoken to show the advantages of a kibbutz upbringing: it gives its people enough strength to break away from it successfully.)

If we knew more about the kibbutz's relationship to Israeli society we would have a clearer idea of its relevance to our own. How far, for example, can relatively static units like the kibbutzim remain untouched by a dynamic and pluralistic social order? They are not ideal economic units; they rely heavily on the advanced technology created in the nation's cities. So far all attempts to create urban kibbutzim have failed. Bettelheim's guess is that this sort of collective won't work if members keep meeting outsiders every day. (The kibbutzim have been notably reluctant to accept North African Jews.) They are small collectivist islands in a largely capitalist economy; their members make up only four percent of the population, but they are important out of proportion to their numbers, partly for historical reasons – they pioneered the settlement – but more because they are living reminders of Israeli idealism.

In some ways, Bettelheim is suggesting the truly radical price in styles of life and values that would have to be paid if we were to create similarly egalitarian enclaves in this society. Certain satisfactions would probably have to be sacrificed, at least in the first two generations: expressiveness, individuality, privacy, personal identity. One question would be whether these have much value anymore to Americans, or whether they are largely fragments of a vanishing individualism. This would be easier to reflect on intelligently if anyone had continued to apply to our changing society the kind

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of individual and group social analysis that appeared twenty years ago in *The Lonely Crowd*. My guess is that these ideals are still real to many people, and they make a communitarian America hard to imagine. It is easier to envision one in which there is a subsistence economy for the poor, alongside a consumer society with inequalities. Bettelheim's account of these Israeli collectives suggests that there may be some values worth preserving in the consumer society, as I guess many Czech socialists would agree.

Nat Hentoff: A Guide to Cul-de-sacs

The Urban Guerrilla by Martin Oppenheimer

(Quadrangle; $6.50)

As if the title does not promise enough chills to those not presently stocking arms, there is the suggestion of blood on the book jacket. *The Urban Guerrilla* itself, however, is not a manual of insurrection, but rather a taxonomy of revolution and a projection of what is likely to happen in a country that continues to allocate more than 40 percent of its federal funds for external "defense." And a country that domestically has a booming "law enforcement" market of some $2.5 billion a year – more than the 1968 budgetary appropriation to the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Martin Oppenheimer, chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, does not regard himself as a seer, apocalyptic or otherwise. "What we see," he writes, "is no clear way ahead but a muddling-through, as our society and its establishment try fumblingly to develop a strategy to cope with crisis after crisis . . . without in any real way being able to *solve* those crises." As the crises continue not to be solved, Oppenheimer sees three alternatives if the centers of power remain as they are: repression and a corollary police state; more muddling-through by attempts at "integrationist reform," which would mean "continuing stagnation as the political and social obstacles to a really open society continue to block that kind of solution"; or the kind of black power that would actually be "black survival as a colony within white society," and therefore not a solution.

Oppenheimer offers one more alternative: "Revolution – violent, non-violent, or both – involving a radical movement of both black and white fundamentally to reconstruct society." On the basis of his belief that a "revolutionary situation potentially exists in this country," he intends in this book to assess the possibilities of its actualization and the forms it may take. (He uses as his definition of revolution that of Chalmers Johnson: "a sweeping, fundamental change in political organization, social structure, economic property control, and the predominant myth of social order, thus indicating a major break in the continuity of development.")

Unfortunately, the result is a mixture of commonplaces from history, and descriptive rather than analytic scenarios (the term is his) for the future. Oppenheimer, moreover, is given to such unwitting parodies of the sociology of the obvious as: "Since change is inevitable, structural strains are constantly present in social systems; and when there are deeply serious strains, or multiples of them, in a societal system, it can no longer cope with its problems."

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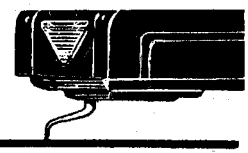

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a coat.

He also reveals that "an insurrection . . . succeeds to the degree that the government is unable to contain and defeat it, and the government in turn maintains itself or is toppled depending on the weaknesses and strengths of its antagonists."

When it's hot out, you should take off your coat.

The historical sections consist of sketchy primers of different kinds of violent protests, both rural and urban. They may be of some use to those just beginning to read in this field. The categories and examples – from the Paris Commune of 1871 to the Warsaw Uprising of 1944 – are clearly if superficially differentiated, as are the diverse approaches to revolution including those of Marx, Fanon, Debray and Mao. In these chapters, although Oppenheimer is little more than a codifier of violent movements and of revolutionary thought, at least he is not a romanticist: "Neither an insurrection initiated with preconceived ideas," he reminds those who would listen, "nor one which negates the role of ideas can have a democratic outcome – apart from obstacles to democracy inherent in paramilitary organizational structure. The trouble is that in violent times the apparent 'payoffs' for short-cuts are the highest; violence and elitism fit together very nicely."

Oppenheimer's own credo would appear to be that of Rosa Luxemburg: revolutionary transformation of society can only be "born in the course of its realization" and "the whole mass of people must take part in it. Otherwise, socialism will be decreed from behind a few official desks by a dozen intellectuals. . . ."

An excellent pronunciamento for hanging on walls, but the question is still how. In this country, armed insurrection will not work, as Oppenheimer demonstrates, because by far the majority of the populace would support governmental suppression of urban uprisings. As the co-author of a previous guide to the nonviolent, *A Manual for Direct Action*, Oppenheimer would like to believe that nonviolent resistance and disruption might create revolution. But, he sadly concludes, "the prognosis for a nonviolent revolution is scarcely more promising than that for a violent outburst. . . . It is doubtful whether, even with the added input of violent or non-violent dislocation, sufficient cultural strains can develop to neutralize or disaffect enough of the population so as to prevent society from functioning."

A basic problem for revolutionaries in this country, Oppenheimer recognizes, is that so far, the "system" or "the establishment" (he never gets much more precise than that) frustratingly refuses to provide revolutionary conditions. Black students at Cornell, carrying rifles and spears, march out of an occupied building after the administration promises them not only amnesty but also legal help against any action local law enforcement officials may take. Organizations of welfare recipients, rising in numbers and anger, are still free to picket and confront legislators. Elections continue to be held. "Nowhere has significant revolutionary warfare begun," Oppenheimer underlines, "except where the regime has already refused . . . to make reforms. Every guerrilla outbreak has begun only after some colossal break in the system – for example, refusal to hold elections, large-scale purges, arrests and shootings, the alienation of some significant group by refusing to permit it any access to some (even limited) power, massive repression of some potentially revolutionary group. . . ."

The situation here may change. The President has introduced the possibility of "preventive detention"; his Attorney General is not in the least averse to bringing "conspiracy" indictments; and the first Nixon budget gives even lower priority than those of Lyndon Johnson to the deterioration of the cities. In Atlanta, meanwhile, 250 clergymen call for churches to work for "positive violence" to gain humanitarian ends. And as the President of Cornell, James Perkins, declares that arms are no longer permitted on the campus, one wonders when that dictum will be tested by the black students there. And how.

But even if there are interesting outbreaks and selective repression, the likelihood of "colossal" breaks in the

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

NAT HENTOFF's *A Political Life: The Education of John V. Lindsay will be published by Knopf in September.* JAMES FINN *is editor of* worldview, *a journal of religious and international affairs.*

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system is remote; and in any event, there is no indication of a lessening in the support – indeed the yearning – for law and order among the majority. In so far as revolution is concerned, we are still, as Oppenheimer notes, "in the pre-consensus stage." To say the least.

Therefore, "What Strategy for Revolution?" (as the final chapter is titled). A new political party is Oppenheimer's answer. A party that will not get involved in "politics for the sake of being elected to office," but rather will create the revolution by becoming oriented "to both community-level issues and wider national and international issues, attempting to link all of these to the wider perspective of revolutionary change in the world and the need for qualitative change in individual lives. It must be a party inside of which an individual can change his own life while testing the system's outposts of reform."

This phenomenon will somehow fuse students, radical professionals, white – and blue-collar workers, and blacks. Once together, they may be able to force "qualitative" changes in the system. Or, if that fails, as Oppenheimer believes it will, then new and deeper crises will force the citizenry to choose between revolution and counter-revolution, between democracy and totalitarianism. And at that point, hopefully, there will be a "sufficiently developed and intelligent" revolutionary movement "to provide a viable revolutionary and democratic alternative."

The book's conclusion, then, is merely vapor. Instead of analysis there is prayer. I doubt the efficacy – even as only an instrument of instruction – of a new party for a long time to come. But there *are* potential bases for organizing toward a redistribution of power. The concept of radical professionalism is taking hold among more and more of the young who want to keep change alive in themselves by becoming advocacy lawyers, architects, doctors, urbanists, teachers. There is also a growing awareness that white- and blue-collar workers have been largely ignored by the left and can perhaps be reached on the grounds of palpable self-interest. And – a development Oppenheimer underestimates and misunderstands – black power has become more than rhetoric or what he terms "neo-Colonialism." He calls black power a vague concept, but does not explore the accelerating thrust for community control of schools and other local institutions, from which can come unified blocs able to make alliances based on the power of real constituencies behind them.

Is a new coalition – developing at different rates of speed, and for different reasons, in various sections of the society – possible? And what could its specific economic, political and social goals be on a national level? All we have from Oppenheimer is verbal incense.

The young who would be Che are in the wrong country. *The Urban Guerrilla* does make that clear, although it was already quite evident. "Tell us," a black American revolutionary asked Che Guevara in New York a few years ago, "how can we best organize guerrilla warfare?" Guevara broke up, surveying the potential in a word: "Aquí?" But there are other questions being asked by those who persist in working for "sweeping, fundamental change"; and *The Urban Guerrilla* does not even begin seriously to raise, let alone answer, them.

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James Finn: Silent Witnesses of Evil

The Life and Death of Dietrich Bonhoeffer by Mary Bosanquet

(Harper & Row; $5.95)

Dietrich Bonhoeffer is not a thinker of whom one can say, "His life was uneventful, but the life of his mind was adequate compensation." His life *was* eventful, involving great figures and great events of the first half of this century. What is continually impressive about Bonhoeffer, and what emerges clearly from this fine biography, is the zest with which he thrust himself into new situations and the discipline with which he then reflected upon them. It is this combination that makes Bonhoeffer the provocative and disturbing presence he is today.

Bonhoeffer was born in Breslau in 1906 and died in Flossenbürg April 9, 1945, hung naked from a scaffold less than a month before the final collapse of the Third Reich, for crimes against that regime. In the working years granted him, he produced a limited but considerable body of work which has had an increasing influence on religious thinkers in Europe, both East and West, and in America. Even many not otherwise acquainted with his ideas have been exposed to his concepts of "religionless Christianity," "worldly holiness" and "a world come of age," concepts frequently pressed into the service of ideas Bonhoeffer would have disowned, by contemporary thinkers he would not acknowledge to be his intellectual progeny.

Mary Bosanquet evokes briefly and well the solid comfortable life into which Bonhoeffer was born. Dietrich and his twin sister Sabine were the youngest of seven children in a family that was aristocratic, intellectual, professional, with strong traditions and a religion that was respectable and nonreflective. Dietrich's early decision to read theology at the university met opposition rather than encouragement, but in a manner that was to become familiar to his friends he never swerved from that decision. While yet in his teens, he studied under the aging Adolf von Harnack, still the recognized leader of liberal theology. Even then Bonhoeffer was drawn to the approach of Karl Barth, regarded by the liberal theologians as dangerous and iconoclastic; and on the basis of these sympathies and solid theological training, he disputed and contradicted the great Harnack. Bonhoeffer also began very early those intermittent trips that were to take him to Rome, Sicily, North Africa, to England and America, to Geneva, Spain and Sweden; and to meet such men as Karl Barth, Reinhold Neibuhr, Bishop George Bell, Dr. W. A. Visser t' Hooft, Paul Lehmann and Martin Niemöller. He developed also his close friendship with Eberhard Bethge, to whose continuing scholarship we are indebted for much of Bonhoeffer's work that did not see print in his lifetime.

During the thirties and into the forties Bonhoeffer tried to communicate to his friends, and through them to an unbelieving world, not only his thoughts about religious communities and contemporary theology but also some idea of the actual conditions in Germany, of the resistance developed within the Confessing Church (as opposed to the National Churches) and of his own ideas about the obligation of the Churches when faced with a corrupt state. He chose to remain in Germany, to work within the resistance, write and teach as long as he could.

All of this Miss Bosanquet recounts in a clean unimpeded narrative. But we would not, of course, remember Bonhoeffer any better than we remember hosts of good men who lost their lives in that time, if he had not produced up until his last days a series of works that continue to disturb modern theological reflection. One of the great merits of this study is that, with quotation and reference, it documents the development of that thought, relating it at every step to the events in

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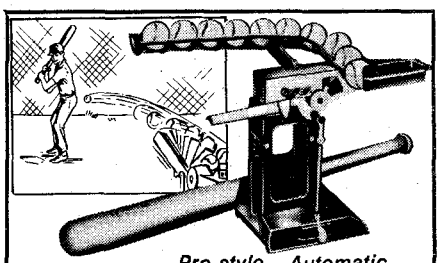
his life. It supports Dr. Bethge's just observation that "the isolated use and handing down of the famous term 'religionless Christianity' has made Bonhoeffer the champion of an undialectical modernism which obscures all that he wanted to tell us about the living God."

Bonhoeffer's thought was developing rather than completed, and he seems to me as he does to some others to have been unduly optimistic about a "world come of age." But he had an open spirit and a good tough disciplined mind that has much to offer present Christian theologies. With his faults and deficiencies, which Miss Bosanquet does not overlook, he remains an engaging and attractive figure. Even those who have no interest to his theology might respect, especially today, a man who could say in his final days in a death camp:

"We have been silent witnesses of evil deeds; we have been drenched by many storms; we have learnt the arts of equivocation and pretence; experience has made us suspicious of others and kept us from being truthful and open; intolerable conflicts have worn us down and even made us cynical. Are we still of any use? What we shall need is not geniuses, or cynics, or misanthropes, or clever tacticians, but plain, honest, straightforward men. Will our inward power of resistance be strong enough, and our honesty with ourselves remorseless enough for us to find our way back to simplicity and straightforwardness?"



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Correspondence

Bentley-Brustein II

Sirs:

Robert Brustein's second statement (May 17), like his first, contains much that I agree with. It also contains much that I could only attempt to answer if much more space were available than you can offer. But let me make one point. Surely one can reject many things that the SDS has recently been doing without rejecting radicalism? It would be paying SDS altogether too much of a compliment to assume that they and radicalism are conterminous. They would then have attained the status to which the Communist Party always aspired. Whatever the CP said was progressive, and whatever was progressive was CP property. A "fellow traveller" was one who conceded these CP claims. Must we now be fellow travellers of SDS in the same sense? I for one have never suggested or believed any such thing. SDS should be supported when you agree; opposed when you disagree; period. Now, if those who on occasion support SDS ought to take care not to become fellow travellers, those who on occasion oppose SDS ought to take care not to become "anti-Communists," neo-conservatives, affirmers of the end of ideology. Is Robert Brustein taking sufficient care? My query is not rhetorical. The answer is not yet fully written and may turn out to be yes. Since he is my friend, I obviously hope it will. But I saw a danger of the opposite in his article. He apparently sees in me a danger of being overpolitical. Possibly, but he is unable to support the charge except with a reference to the thirties which doesn't apply to me, as I took no part in the CP-dominated radical movement of that decade. Besides, the terms of this particular struggle are largely set by the other side. Vietnam provides an example in Robert's experience. On that, too, he did not originally wish to take a stand. But he did take one eventually: forced by our Establishment, our military-industrial complex, our power elite, what you will. I think he should allow himself to be forced in this way again – and again. Such resistance will make it possible for us or our children or grandchildren to be "less political" with a good conscience.

ERIC BENTLEY

In reply . . .

Eric Bentley is still speaking in terms of "sides," so I am obviously having difficulty in making myself clear to him.

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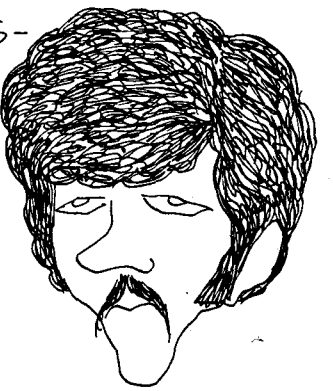

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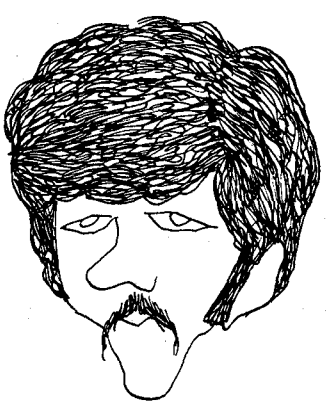

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I am rejecting monolithic political thinking, whether it comes from the left or right. Unfortunately, political radicalism today, like political conservatism today, seems bankrupt of ideas, so it has begun to look very monolithic indeed (which may be why it is being so easily co-opted by the SDS). I am and always have been a cultural radical, not a political one, since my primary interest is in arts and intellect, not society. These interests overlap when elements in society threaten to abridge the possibilities of free art and free expression – this happened in the Joe McCarthy era, and it is in danger of happening today from the SDS and from the repression the SDS is bringing on from the right. Must I remind Eric that it is the ex-Communist who generally becomes an "anti-Communist" and "neo-conservative," not the man who is uninterested in any of these rigid formulations? None of these shoes fits me, and I am beginning to despair of Eric's incapacity to accept or understand this. Chekhov said, "Artists and intellectuals must deal with politics only insofar as it is necessary to put up a defense against politics." I find this a sublime and subtle statement, and I recommend it to all ideologues.

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(2) I was not, as Eric implies, reluctantly forced into opposition to the Vietnam war; I have been an opponent of this war since its beginning.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

made, I enjoyed parts of it as a record of some wealthy Long Island Jews – the specificity is intended and inescapable – who at least were humorously vital enough to record their vulgarity. Also, as against the nickel-and-dime book-peddlers of *Salesman*, King's activities filled in the other end of the selling spectrum.

Then I learned that *King, Murray* is not a documentary; that actors played some of the roles; that friends had ben asked to repeat events; that some of the scenes didn't even take place where they were supposed to happen. Now I loathe the picture.

I quote from Leonard B. Meyer's essay "Forgery and the Anthropology of Art" in his book, *Music, the Arts, and Ideas:*

> "Cultural beliefs not only influence the way in which we perceive, think, and act, but they also condition and modify our emotional and physiological responses. . . . Because our fundamental beliefs influence our sensations, feelings, and perceptions, *what* we know literally changes our response to a work of art. Thus once we *know* that a work is a forgery our whole set of attitudes and resulting responses is profoundly and necessarily altered."

°

Meyer is arguing a fine point about forgeries of art, but his principles apply equally to forgeries of fact. For a number of reasons, there is no such thing as completely true *cinéma-vérité;* some of *Salesman* was patently arranged; but there is a considerable difference between honest intent and *cinéma-fausseté.* Bad documentary can be bearable if it brings us interesting facts; but this film doesn't bring us King's life, just his gall.

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**100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.**

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
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ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature

For clarity, also print your name after your signature

address date

city state zip

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.
Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send on to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.
The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

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